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QUASAR

PULSATING PREMIERE ISSUE!

THE COSMIC AVENGER™
NOW IN HIS OWN BOOK!



FEATURING
THE UNTOLD
ORIGIN OF
QUASAR!

STAN LEE PRESENTS
THE ORIGIN OF

QUASAR

"THE KID IN THE CAPE AND COSTUME IS THE ONLY SON OF THE FAMOUS GERMAN ROCKET SCIENTIST WHO DEFECTED TO THE WEST IN THE 30'S, HORACE GRASSNEID..."

"HIS NAME'S ROBERT GRAYSON, BUT HE WAS BETTER KNOWN AS MARVEL BOY. FAR AS WE CAN TELL, HE WAS THE FIRST GUY TO EVER WEAR THOSE FUNKY GLOWING BRACELETS WE'RE ALL INTERESTED IN."

"HE USED 'EM PRIMARILY FOR BLINDIN' HIS OPPONENTS IN A ONE-MAN CRUSADE AGAINST CRIMINALS AND COMMUNISTS BACK IN THE EARLY 50'S."

"GOTTA ADMIRE THE KID'S SPUNK, HUH?"

"WHERE HE GOT THOSE FANCY WRISTBANDS WE DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S RUMORED THAT GRAYSON AND HIS DAD SPENT SOME TIME ON A ROCKET IN DEEP SPACE."

THE PRICE OF POWER!

MARK GRUENWALD STORY • PAUL RYAN BREAKDOWNS • DANNY BULANADI FINISHES • JANICE CHIANG LETTERS • PAUL BECTON COLORS • HOWARD MACKIE EDITS • TOM DEFALCO CHIEF

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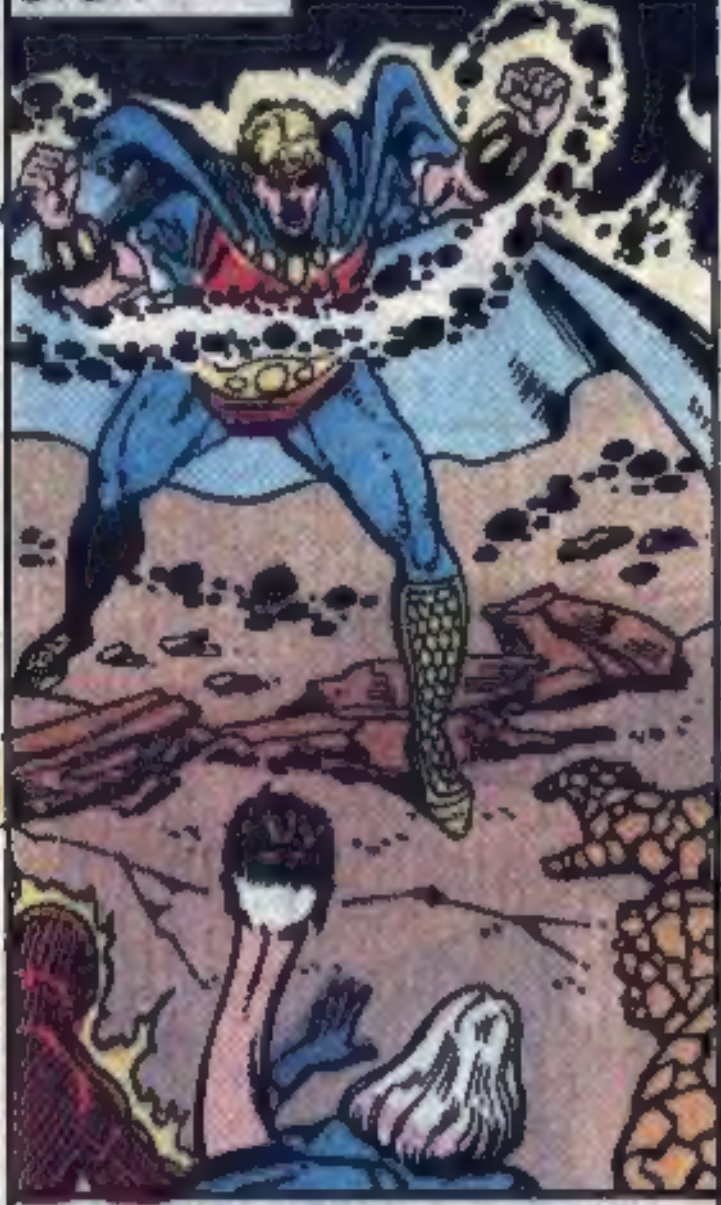
"SOME TIME BEFORE THE **FANTASTIC FOUR** FIRST CAME ON THE SCENE, GRAYSON DISAPPEARED. NO ONE HEARD A PEEP FROM HIM FOR WELL OVER A DECADE--



"--AND WHEN HE POPPED UP AGAIN, HE WAS MISSIN' A FEW MARBLES.

"THE FANTASTIC FOUR HADDA STEP IN TO COOL HIS RAMPAGE.

"SOMEWHERE IN THAT TIME, HE LEARNED TO TURN UP THE POWER ON THOSE WRIST-GIZMOS, AN' INSTEAD A JUST USIN' 'EM TO SHOOT **BLINDIN' LIGHT**--



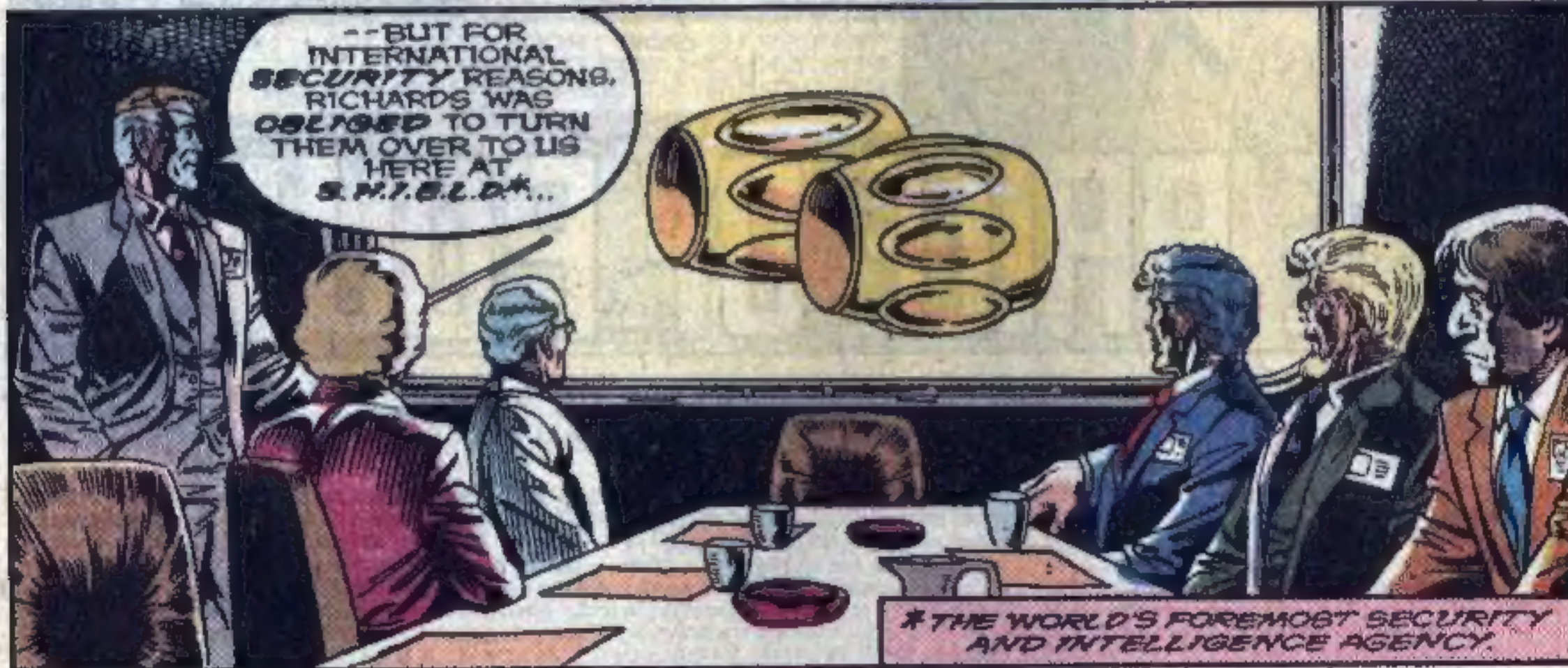
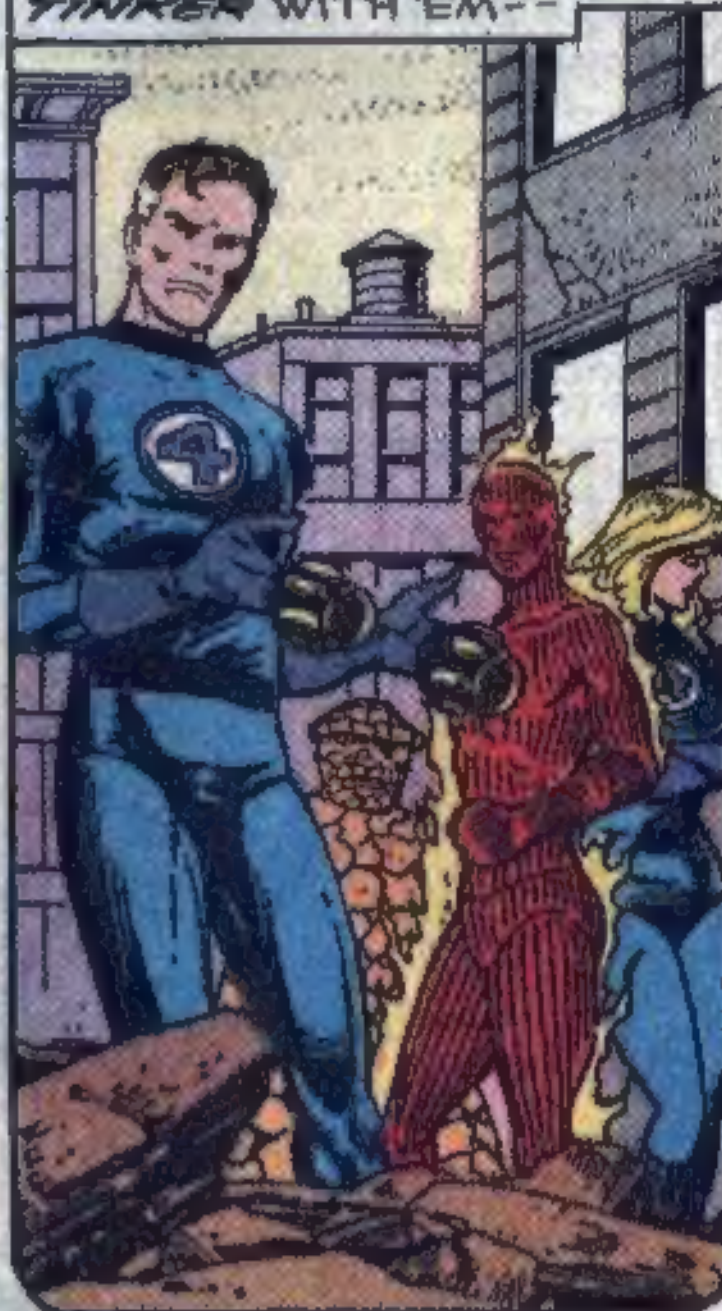
"--HE WAS NOW USIN' 'EM TO FLY AN' SHOOT LETHAL SOLAR-BLASTS.

"UNFORTUNATELY FOR HIM, HE DIDN'T HAVE THE CONTROL OVER THE DOOHICKEYS HE THOUGHT HE DID, AN' WHEN HE TURNED UP THE JUICE TOO HIGH--



"--HE **DISINTEGRATED** HIMSELF.

"THERE WAS ABSOLUTELY **NOTHIN' LEFT** OF HIM--CEPT FOR THE BRACELETS. THE FF'S HEAD HONCHO, **REED RICHARDS**, CONFISCATED THE THINGS, INTENDIN' TO **TINKER** WITH 'EM--



--BUT FOR INTERNATIONAL SECURITY REASONS, RICHARDS WAS OBLIGED TO TURN THEM OVER TO US HERE AT **S.N.I.E.L.D.A.***...

*THE WORLD'S FOREMOST SECURITY AND INTELLIGENCE AGENCY.



AND THAT'S WHERE YOU SCIENCE BOYS AT STARK COME IN...

COLONEL FURY, NEED I REMIND YOU THAT MY COMPANY IS NO LONGER IN THE WEAPONS BUSINESS?

I'M NOT ASKIN' YOU TO MAKE A WEAPON, MISTER STARK, I'M JUST ASKIN' YOU TO EXAMINE WHAT SEEMS TO BE SOME KINDA ALIEN ARTIFACT AN' LET US KNOW WHAT MAKES IT TICK.

IT'S POSSIBLE IT MAY HAVE SOME DEFENSIVE USES...

WHAT DO YOU THINK, GILBERT?



WELL, I'M A BIT ~~PREJUDICED~~, MR. STARK. I'VE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY OF BEING ABLE TO STUDY MORE ~~EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL~~ OBJECTS THAN ANY OTHER SCIENTIST EXCEPT FOR DR. RICHARDS...

-- AND I'M ALWAYS EAGER FOR A NEW OPPORTUNITY.



I'M CERTAIN MY COLLEAGUES, DR. EANE AND DR. REZNER, WOULD CONCUR.

THEN WE GOT A DEAL, TONY? YOU AND YOUR CREW WILL HAVE A SIX-MONTH CONTRACT TO FIDDLE WITH THOSE FUNKY BRACELETS.

YES, WE HAVE A DEAL, NICK.



GOOD. THEN I'LL HAVE MR. LEVINE HERE ARRANGE FER THEIR TRANSFER TO YER FACILITIES.



COLONEL FURY, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WERE AWARE THAT MY SON WAS CURRENTLY UNDERGOING TRAINING WITH YOUR AGENCY.

UH, NO, I WASN'T, DOCTOR. WHAT'S HIS NAME?

WENDELL VAUGHN.

CAN'T SAY I HEARD A' HIM, O' COURSE, WE HAVE HUNDREDS OF TRAINEES PASSIN' THROUGH HERE EVERY YEAR.



IF HE'S ON THE PREMISES, AND IT WOULDN'T BE TOO MUCH OF AN INCONVENIENCE, I WOULDN'T MIND SEEING HIM.

THANK YOU, COLONEL.

I'LL HAVE SOME-BODY LOOK HIM UP FER YOU.

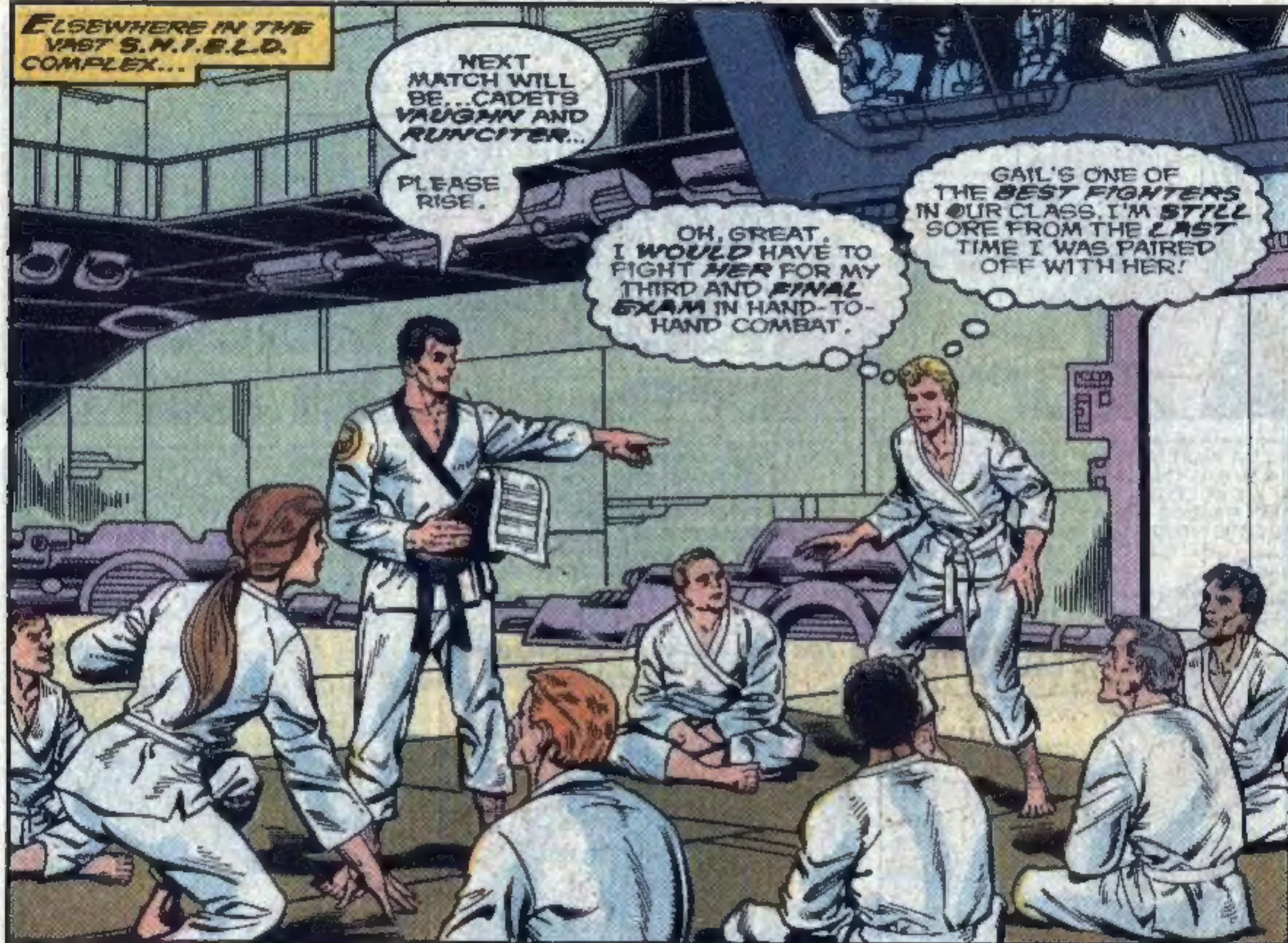
ELSEWHERE IN THE
VAST S.N.I.E.L.D.
COMPLEX...

NEXT
MATCH WILL
BE... CADETS
VAUGHN AND
RUNCITER...

PLEASE
RISE.

OH, GREAT.
I WOULD HAVE TO
FIGHT HER FOR MY
THIRD AND FINAL
EXAM IN HAND-TO-
HAND COMBAT.

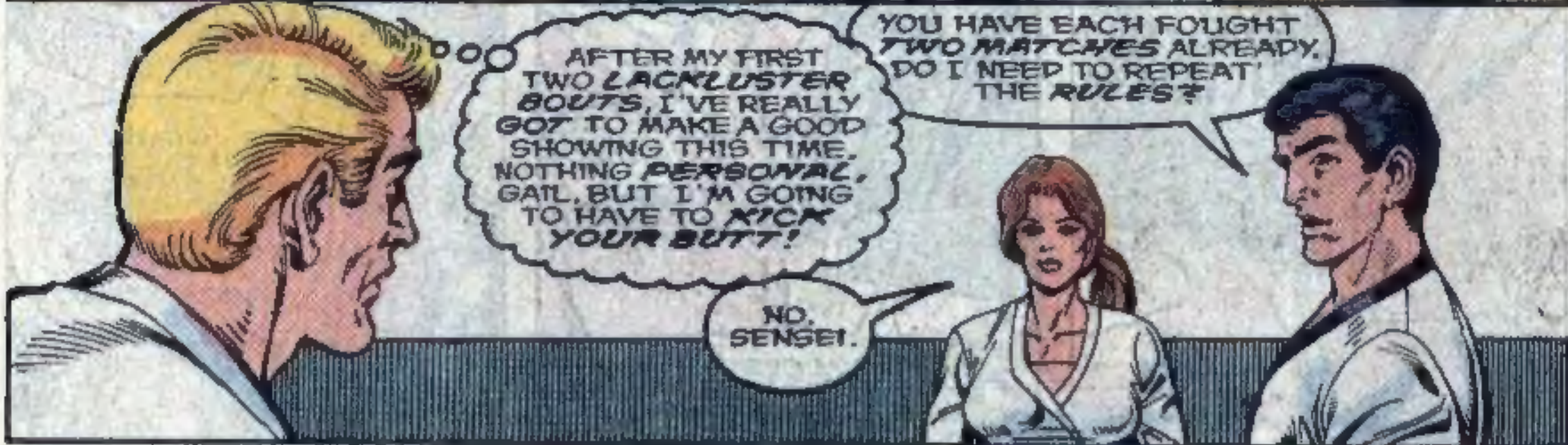
GAIL'S ONE OF
THE BEST FIGHTERS
IN OUR CLASS. I'M STILL
SORE FROM THE LAST
TIME I WAS PAIRED
OFF WITH HER!



AFTER MY FIRST
TWO LACKLUSTER
BOUTS, I'VE REALLY
GOT TO MAKE A GOOD
SHOWING THIS TIME.
NOTHING PERSONAL,
GAIL, BUT I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO KICK
YOUR BUTT!

YOU HAVE EACH FOUGHT
TWO MATCHES ALREADY.
DO I NEED TO REPEAT
THE RULES?

NO,
SENSEI.



VERY WELL THEN.
BOW TO YOUR
OPPONENT --



--AND
COMMENCE!



FLYING SIDE KICK INTO A SPINNING BACK KICK. HER FAVORITE COMBINATION.

I'M READY FOR IT THIS TIME.

I'M BETTER WITH PUNCHES THAN KICKS. LET ME TRY TO STEER THIS LITTLE EXHIBITION TOWARD MY STRENGTHS.

HAT!

NO! SHE ALMOST GOT ME WITH THAT FLOOR SWEEP. SHE'S GRABBED THE INITIATIVE AGAIN!

AND IN THE OBSERVATION BOOTH...

IF YA'LL STEP THIS WAY, DOC, YA SHOULD GET A SQUINT OF YER BOY IN ACTION.

DON'T MIND US, FELLAS. VISITIN' V.I.P.'S.

WHY THAT'S WENDELL DOWN THERE!

TALK ABOUT PERFECT TIMIN'! HUH?

HALT!



YOU MAY RETURN TO YOUR PLACES.



MAN, DID I DO AS POORELY AS I THINK I DID?



YER KID'S THROUGH, WANT ME TO CALL 'IM OUT O' CLASS?

NO, THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY, SEEING HIM WAS ENOUGH. DON'T LET HIM KNOW I WAS HERE, OKAY?

SURE.

WHAT AN ODD DUCK.



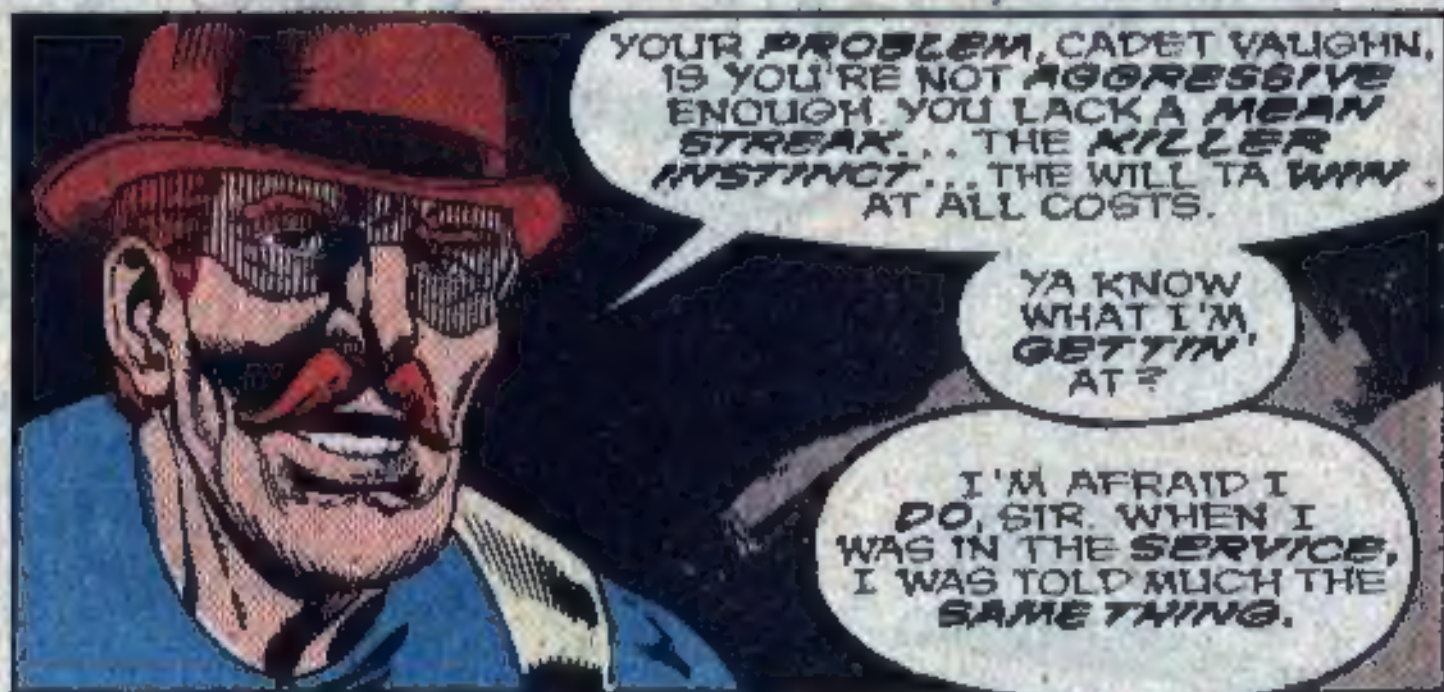
THE NEXT DAY...

CADET VAUGHN, WENDELL E. ...

YOUR SCORES LOOK PRETTY DANG GOOD, CADET. YER AT THE TOP OF THE CLASS IN COMBAT TECH, SURVEILLANCE, AND CRYPTOGRAPHY...

'CORDING TO A COUPLA YER INSTRUCTORS, YA GOT JUST ONE PROBLEM, AND UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S A SERIOUS ONE...

UH-OH. THIS IS IT.



YOUR PROBLEM, CADET VAUGHN, IS YOU'RE NOT AGGRESSIVE ENOUGH. YOU LACK A MEAN STREAK... THE KILLER INSTINCT... THE WILL TO WIN AT ALL COSTS.

YA KNOW WHAT I'M GETTIN' AT?

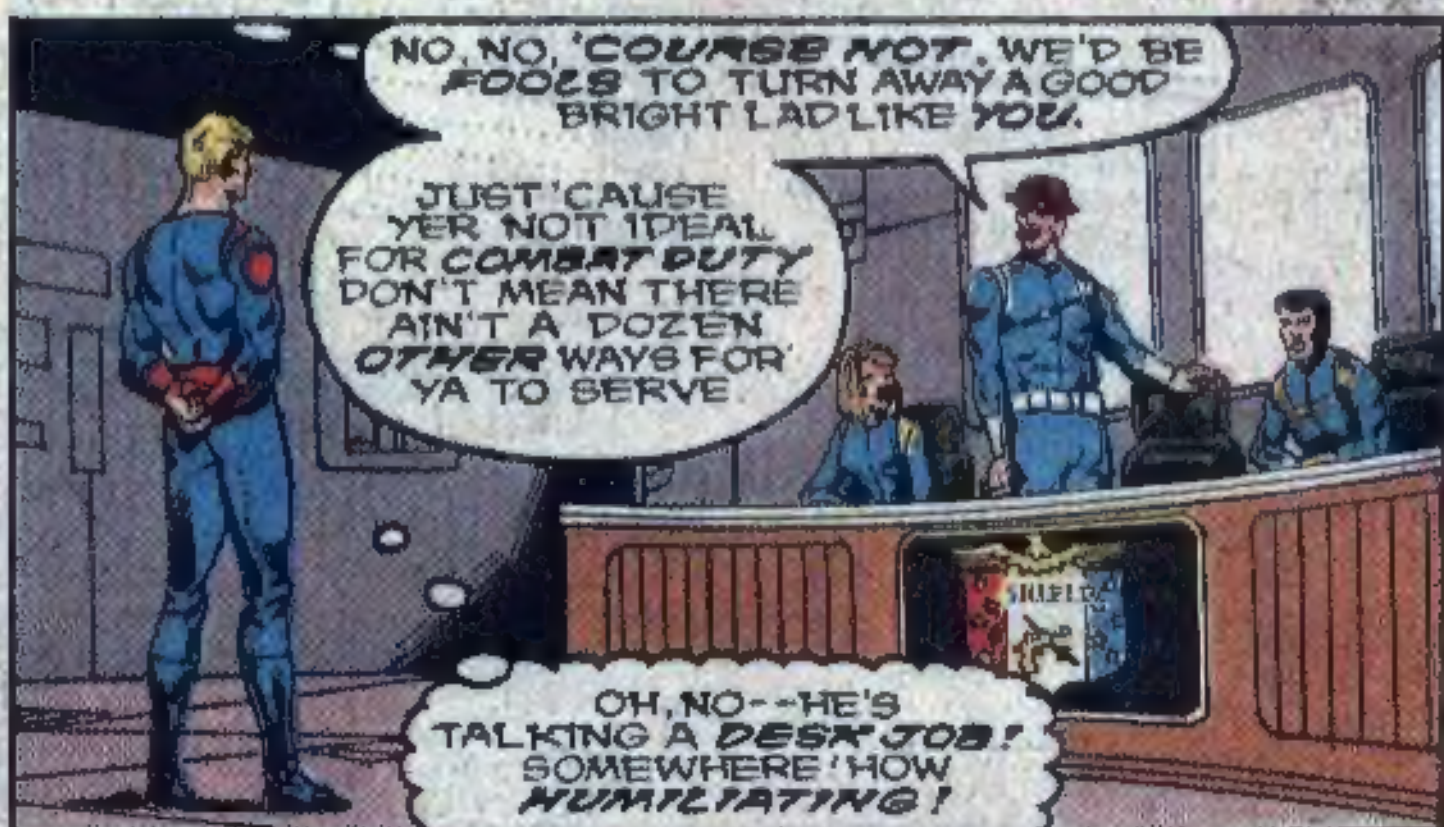
I'M AFRAID I DO, SIR. WHEN I WAS IN THE SERVICE, I WAS TOLD MUCH THE SAME THING.



TECHNICALLY, YER GOOD AT MOST EVERYTHING A S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT'S S'POSED TO BE GOOD AT, BUT WITHOUT THAT FIGHTING EDGE--

--YOU AIN'T GONNA MAKE A VERY GOOD FIELD AGENT.

D-DOES THIS MEAN I FLUNK OUT, SIR?



NO, NO, 'COURSE NOT. WE'D BE FOOLS TO TURN AWAY A GOOD BRIGHT LAD LIKE YOU.

JUST 'CAUSE YER NOT IDEAL FOR COMBAT DUTY DON'T MEAN THERE AIN'T A DOZEN OTHER WAYS FOR YA TO SERVE.

OH, NO--HE'S TALKING A DESK JOB! SOMEWHERE 'HOW HUMILIATING!

CHIN UP, SONNY. COMBAT AIN'T ALL IT'S CRACKED UP TA BE. TAKE IT FROM A GUY WHO'S BEEN THERE.

NOW GO ON YA GOT A FURLOUGH. YA'LL BE GETTIN' YER FIELD PLACEMENT IN A WEEK OR SO.

THEY KNOW. THEY CAN ALL SEE THAT I'M A WALKING FAILURE.

A DAY LATER, OUTSIDE PITTSBURGH...

INTENSITY UP TO TEN, DR. VAUGHN.

STARK
INTERNATIONAL
PA.
NO UNAUTHORIZED
PERSONNEL ALLOWED

INCREDIBLE... THEY TAKE THE FULL CHARGE OF ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL LASERS ON EARTH-- AND NOTHING HAPPENS!

*LIGHT AMPLIFICATION THROUGH STIMULATED EMISSION OF RADIATION.

OUR WORKING THEORY IS THAT THE GEMS ON THE WRIST BANDS WORK LIKE BATTERIES, ABSORBING ENERGY FROM VARIOUS EXTERNAL SOURCES FOR LATER TRANSMISSION.

SO FAR THEY'VE SEEMED TO ABSORB EVERY WAVELENGTH OF ENERGY OF THE ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM WE'VE BOMBARDED THEM WITH--

--BUT STILL WE HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA HOW TO GET THAT ENERGY BACK OUT OF THOSE THINGS.

STARK

WHEW! WE'VE BEEN WORKING AROUND THE CLOCK SINCE THOSE CRAZY BRACELETS ARRIVED. IT'S NOT LIKE WE HAVE A REPORT DUE FOR A COUPLE WEEKS YET.

HOW ABOUT WE TAKE A *BREATHER*?

GO AHEAD. SOME OF US HAVE A LITTLE MORE *DEDICATION*.



FUN WORKING WITH A *WORKAHOLIC*, HUH? YOU WANT ANYTHING, REZNEK?

HOW ABOUT ONE OF THOSE AWFUL *FUMA* SANDWICHES AND A *DIET COKE*?

YOU GOT IT.



RELAX, GUYS. JUST TAKING A *FOOD RUN*. GET YOU SOMETHING?

NO, THANK YOU.



NO ONE IN THE LOUNGE. *PERFECT!*



AGENT 7-20 REPORTING IN. "*GOLDEN APPLES*" ARE IN SOUTHEAST LABORATORY BUILDING, GROUND FLOOR. STANDARD SECURITY TEAM. I'LL *SIGNAL* ONCE THEY'VE BEEN TESTED. *OUT!*



CAN'T RISK MORE THAN A *15-SECOND TRANSMISSION*. NEVER KNOW WHEN STARK'S RENT-A-COPS MAY MAKE A *WIDE-FREQUENCY SIGNAL SCAN*.



OH, GOOD. THEY'VE RESTOCKED *ROOT BEER*.



OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN, THREE DAYS LATER...

WENDELL, YOU UP YET?

YEAH, MOM.

IF YOU WANT TO USE THE CAR TO VISIT FRIENDS OR YOUR SISTER, YOU CAN DROP ME OFF AT WORK.

THAT'S, OKAY. I WON'T NEED IT.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SPEND ANOTHER WHOLE DAY MORING IN YOUR ROOM, ARE YOU?

I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET.

LOOK, BONNER, I KNOW IT MUST BE A BIT DEPRESSING TO BE BACK HOME AND TREATED LIKE A KID AGAIN AFTER BEING OUT ON YOUR OWN SO LONG--

YOU DON'T BABY ME THAT MUCH, MOM. I JUST-- I DON'T KNOW, I JUST KEEP STEWING ABOUT MY POOR SHOWING ON MY SHIELD FINALS, AND I CAN'T HELP FEELING LIKE I'VE LET EVERYBODY DOWN...

...LIKE I'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING TO MAKE YOU AND DAD PROUD OF ME.

SON, I'M ALREADY PROUD OF YOU AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU'LL EVER DO TO CHANGE THAT. AS FOR YOUR FATHER, YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF MAN HE IS.

IT'S HIS RIGID IMPERSONAL WAY THAT MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO STAY MARRIED.

YOU'VE GOT TO GET OVER TRYING TO PLEASE HIM, BONNER, AND WORK ON JUST PLEASING YOURSELF.

OH, A LETTER FOR YOU CAME IN TODAY'S--

IS IT--?

YES! IT'S MY FIELD PLACEMENT! WHAAAT?

ISN'T DAD WORKING AT STARK INTERNATIONAL IN PITTSBURGH?

WHAT'S WRONG?

YES...

THEN I'VE JUST BEEN ASSIGNED SECURITY FOR DAD'S SHIELD PROJECT.

YOU THINK YOUR FATHER PULLED STRINGS?

NAH... SOMEBODY AT SHIELD MUST'VE THOUGHT THEY WERE DOING ME A FAVOR...

DITTBALD
TWO DAYS
LATER...



AGENTS MCGRAW AND
DONOVAN FRESH OUTTA
THE ACADEMY BUT SWELL
AWRIGHT HERE'S THE SCOOB.
THE BRAIN BOYS HERE ARE
GETTIN READY TO BLUIN
FIELD-TESTING THEIR
WEAP-OR DEVICES, SEE?



SO WE'RE BEERIN UP
SECURITY PERSONNEL
TO KEEP THOSE LITTLE
THINGS NICE AN ONLO.



OH'S THOSE BARTER I HAVE
THIS ROOM YL UR JOB IS
TO KEEP YL UR ASSHORE
TRAINED ON THE W LIKE
THEY WERE CRAZY OLLS
YOU COPY?

YES, SIR

HEY THIS
LASS??



NAME'S MURLEY
I'M A TEST PILOT I
GOT BUSINESS
INSIDE.

YOUR
AUTHOR ZATION
PAPER??

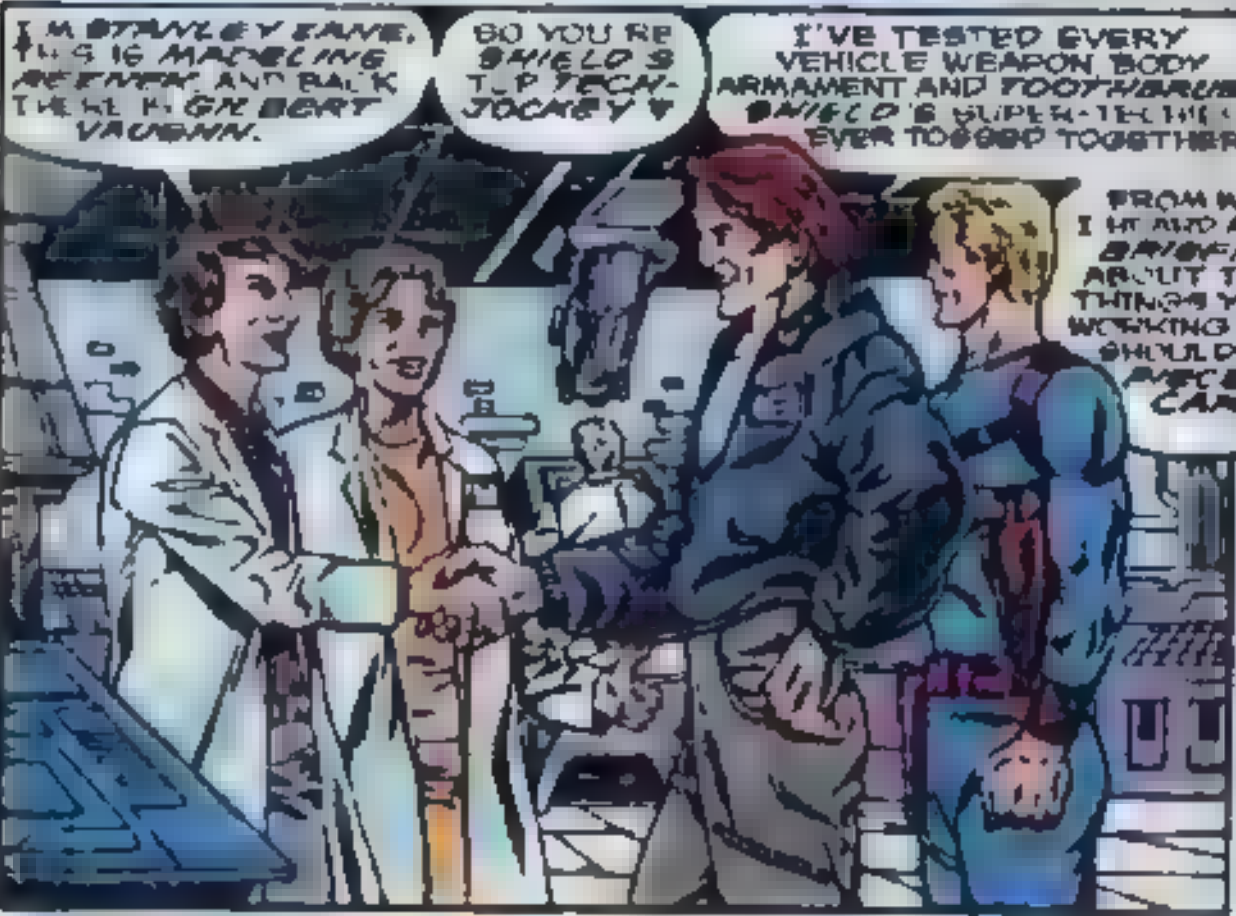


FFW.

EXCUSE ME THERE'S A
WILLIAM MURLEY HERE
TO SEE YOU.

WHO? OH
YOU MUST BE
OUR QUINBA
BO.

REZNEK LOCK
WHO'S HERE?



I'M STANLEY KANE.
THIS IS MACELINE
REZNEK AND BALK
THESE HIGH BERT
VAUBNN.

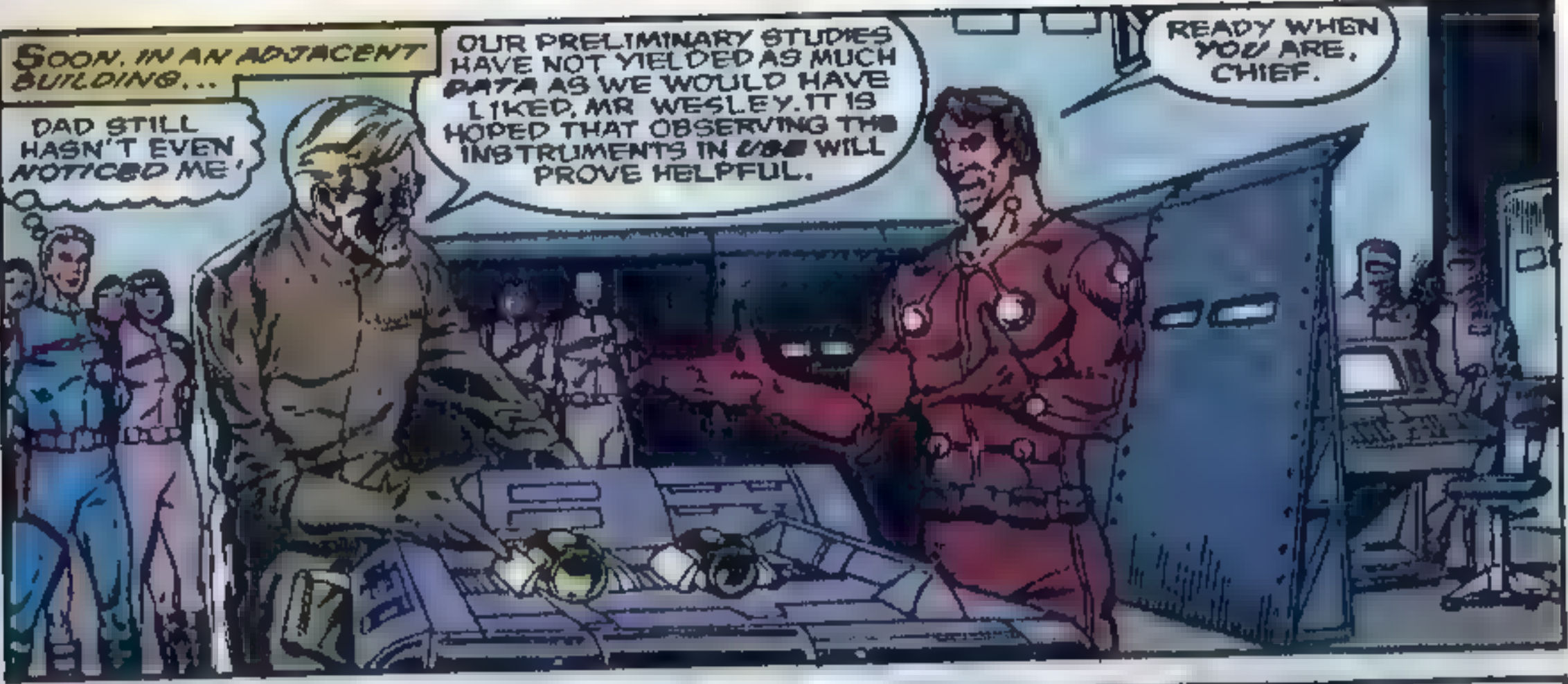
SO YOU'RE
SHIELD'S
TOP TECH-
JOCKEY?

I'VE TESTED EVERY
VEHICLE WEAPON BODY
ARMAMENT AND TOOTHBRUSH
SHIELD'S SUPER-TECHNICS
EVER TOGGED TOGETHER.

FROM WHAT
I HEARD AT MY
BRIEFING
ABOUT THESE
THINGS YOU'RE
WORKING ON IT
SHOULD BE A
PICE OF
CARE.



LET US
MOVE SO



SOON, IN AN ADJACENT BUILDING...

DAD STILL HASN'T EVEN NOTICED ME!

OUR PRELIMINARY STUDIES HAVE NOT YIELDED AS MUCH DATA AS WE WOULD HAVE LIKED, MR. WESLEY. IT IS HOPED THAT OBSERVING THE INSTRUMENTS IN ~~USE~~ WILL PROVE HELPFUL.

READY WHEN YOU ARE, CHIEF.



VERY WELL SLIDE YOUR HANDS INTO THE TWO INSTRUMENTS.

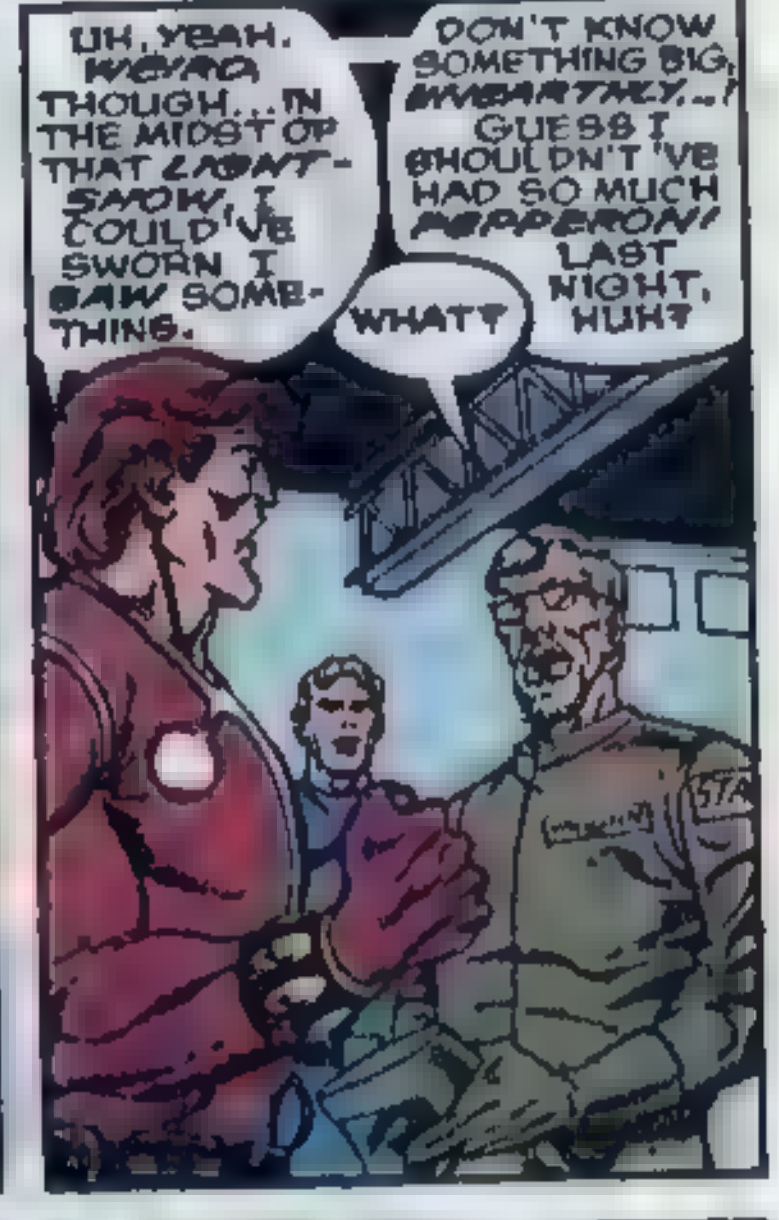
PIECE OF CAKE.



A-HEY! WHAT'S--?

APPARENTLY SOME SLIGHT DISCHARGE AS THE INSTRUMENTS INTERFACE WITH YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM.

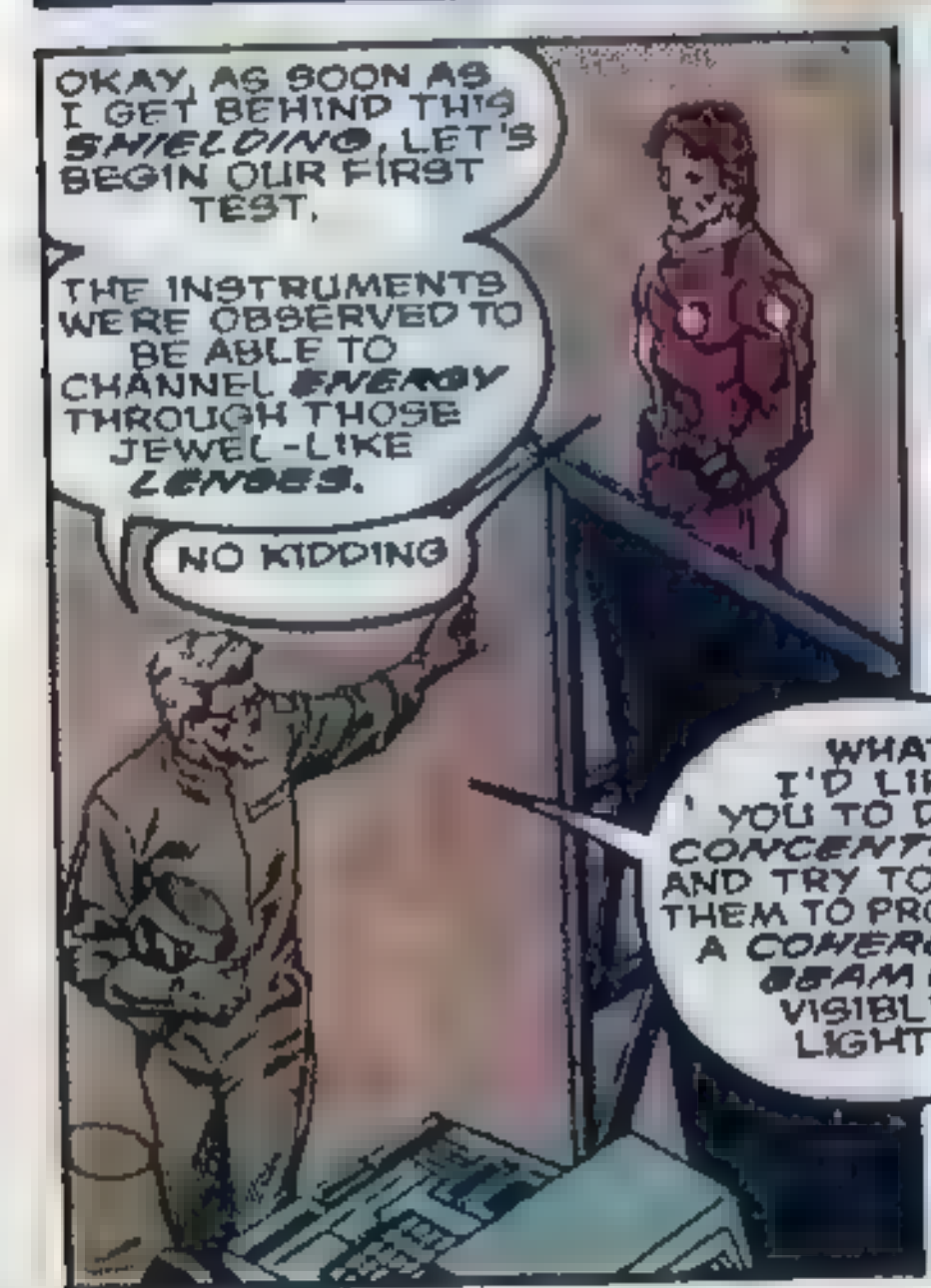
ARE YOU O.K. YET?



UH, YEAH. WEYD THOUGH... IN THE MIST OF THAT LIGHT-SHOW, I COULD'VE SWORN I SAW SOMETHING.

DON'T KNOW SOMETHING BIG, MYBARTLEY...! GUESS I SHOULDN'T'VE HAD SO MUCH PEPPERONI! LAST NIGHT, HUHT

WHATT



OKAY, AS SOON AS I GET BEHIND THIS SHIELDING, LET'S BEGIN OUR FIRST TEST.

THE INSTRUMENTS WERE OBSERVED TO BE ABLE TO CHANNEL ENERGY THROUGH THOSE JEWEL-LIKE LENSES.

NO KIDDING

WHAT I'D LIKE YOU TO DO IS CONCENTRATE AND TRY TO GET THEM TO PROJECT A COHERENT BEAM OF VISIBLE LIGHT.



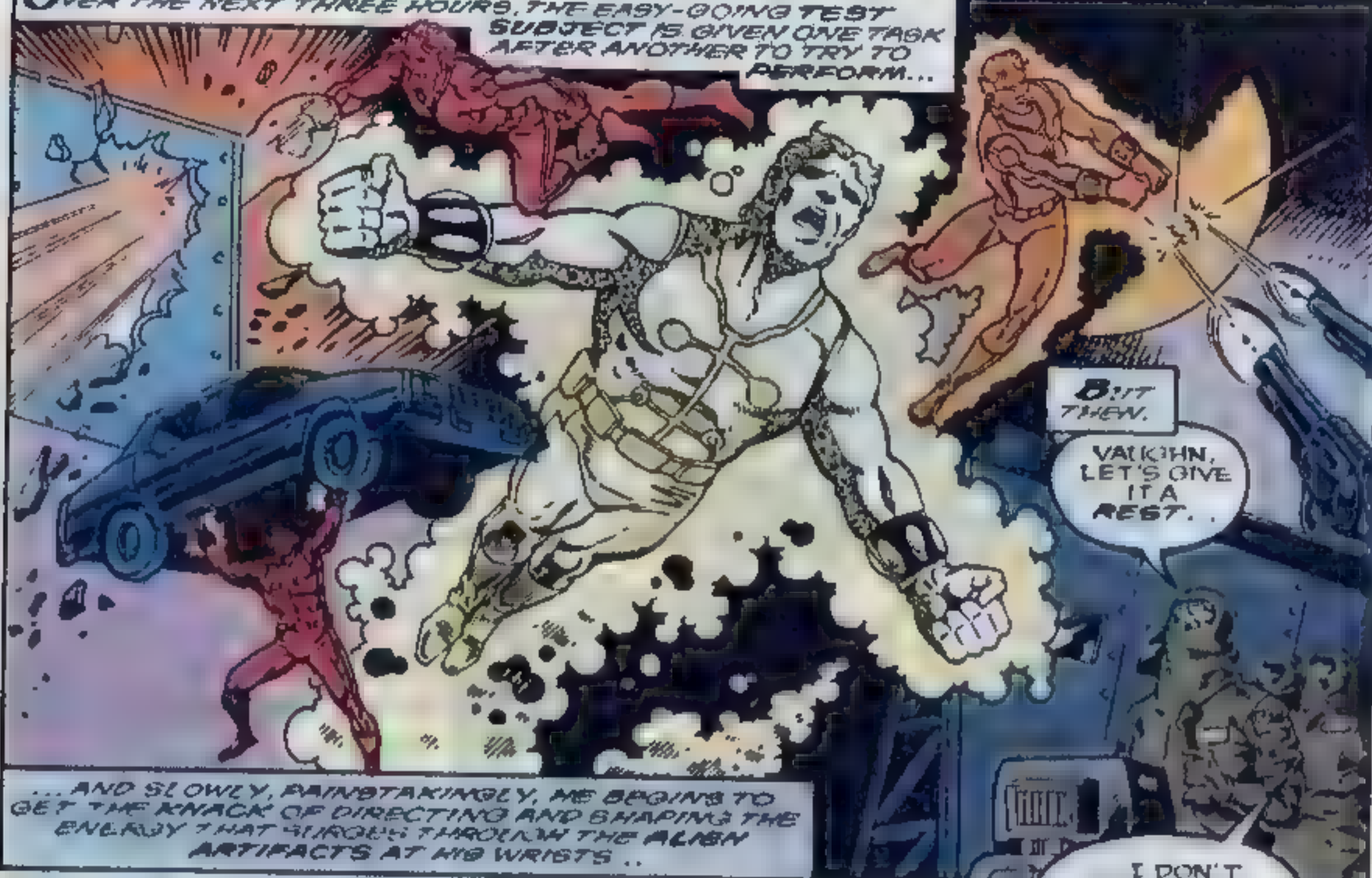
WHATEVER YOU SAY, CHIEF.

WHOOAAA--!



COHERENT, I SAID

OVER THE NEXT THREE HOURS, THE EASY-GOING TEST SUBJECT IS GIVEN ONE TASK AFTER ANOTHER TO TRY TO PERFORM...



...AND SLOWLY, RAINSTAKINGLY, HE BEGINS TO GET THE KNACK OF DIRECTING AND SHAPING THE ENERGY THAT SURGES THROUGH THE ALIEN ARTIFACTS AT HIS WRISTS...



OKAY, MR. WESLEY, THAT WILL BE ENOUGH FOR TODAY. COME DOWN.

SURE THESE THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO ITCH ANYWAY.

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE'S GLOWING MORE WILDLY WITH EVERY EXERCISE.



JUST HOLD THEM STEADY A MOMENT WHILE I ACTIVATE THE MAGNOCLAMPS.

UH, SAY, AM I SUPPOSED TO BE GLOWING LIKE THIS?



NNNNN! HEY-- THEY DIDN'T SLIDE OFF! THEY'RE-- STUCK!

WESLEY--!

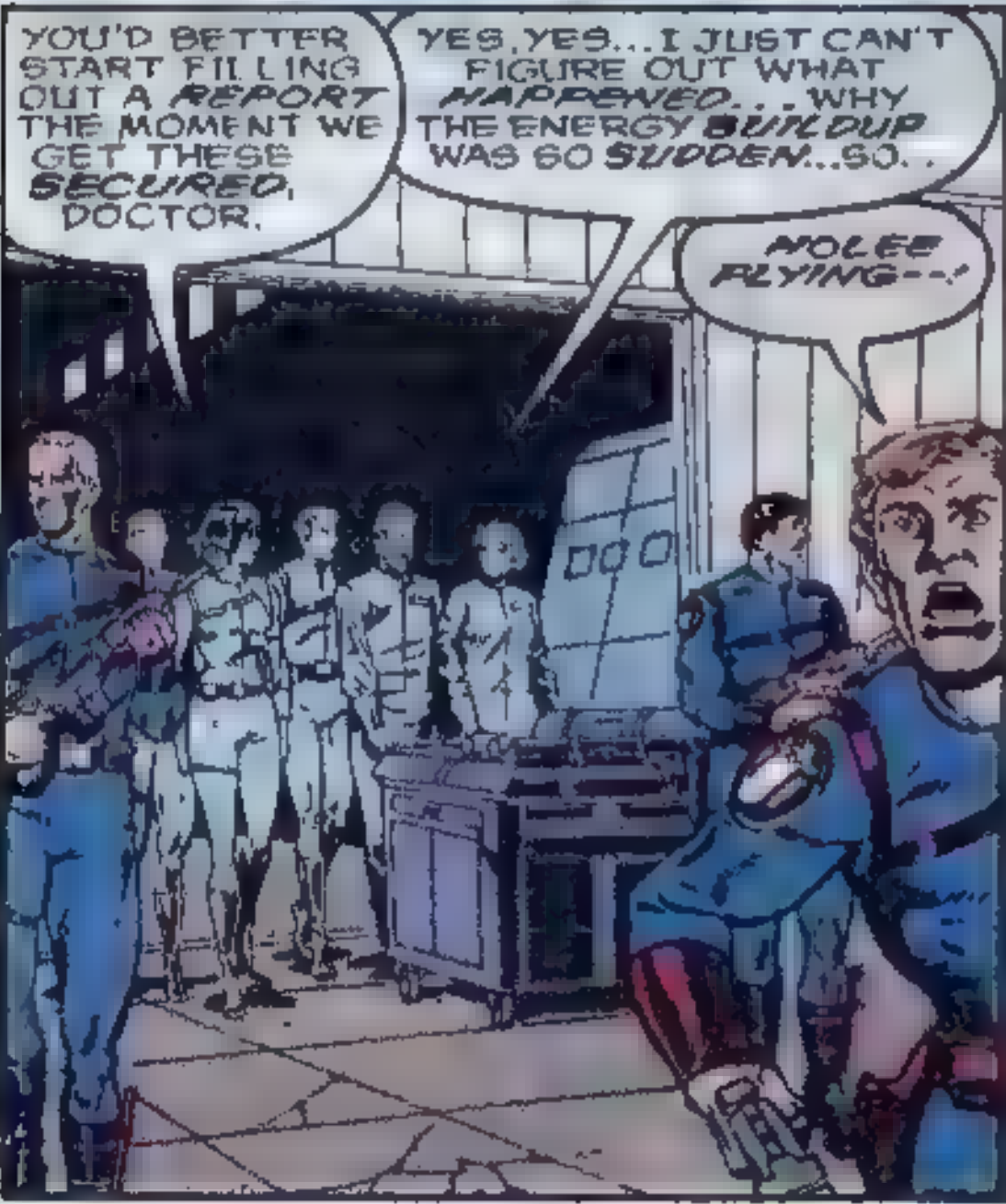
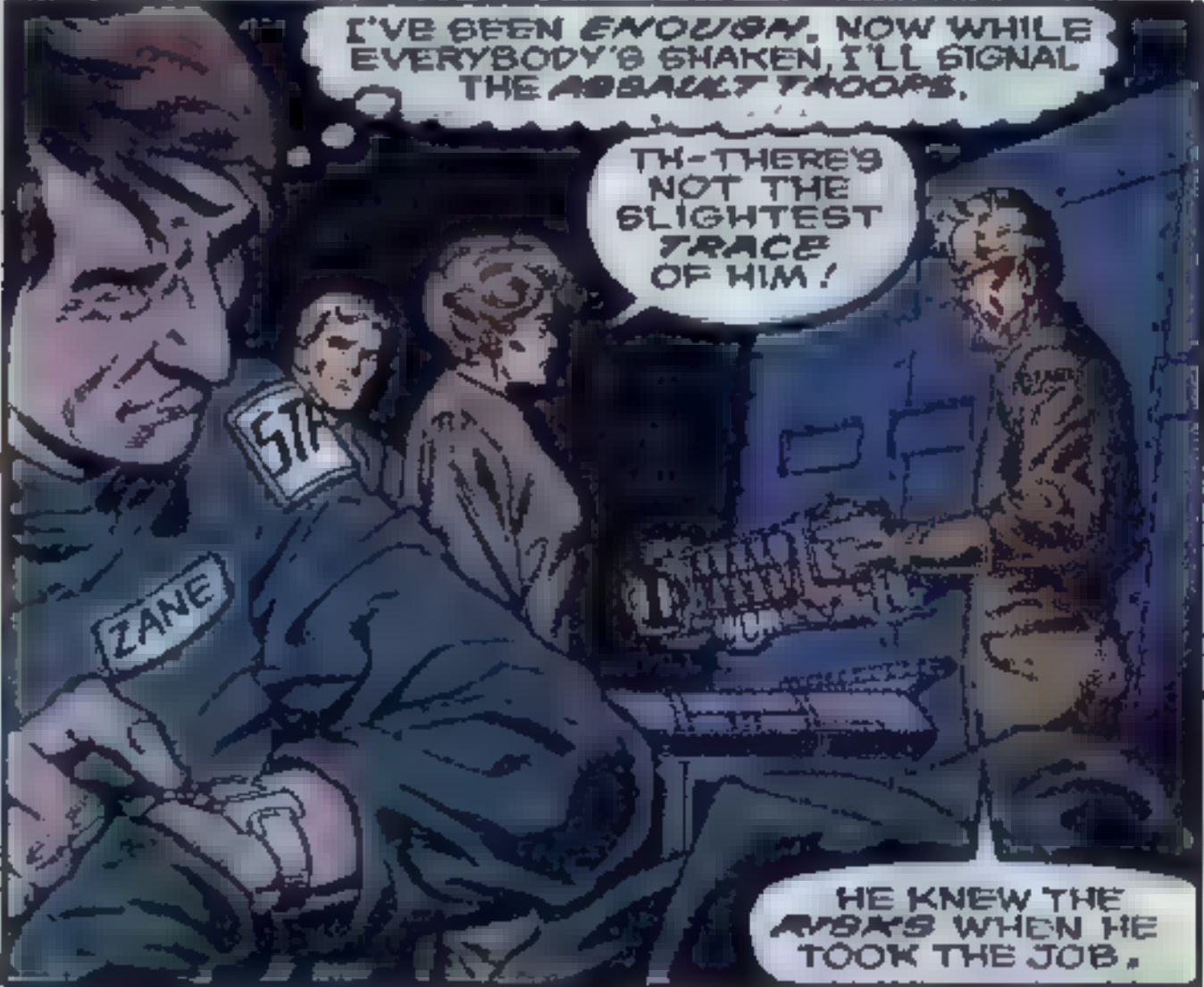


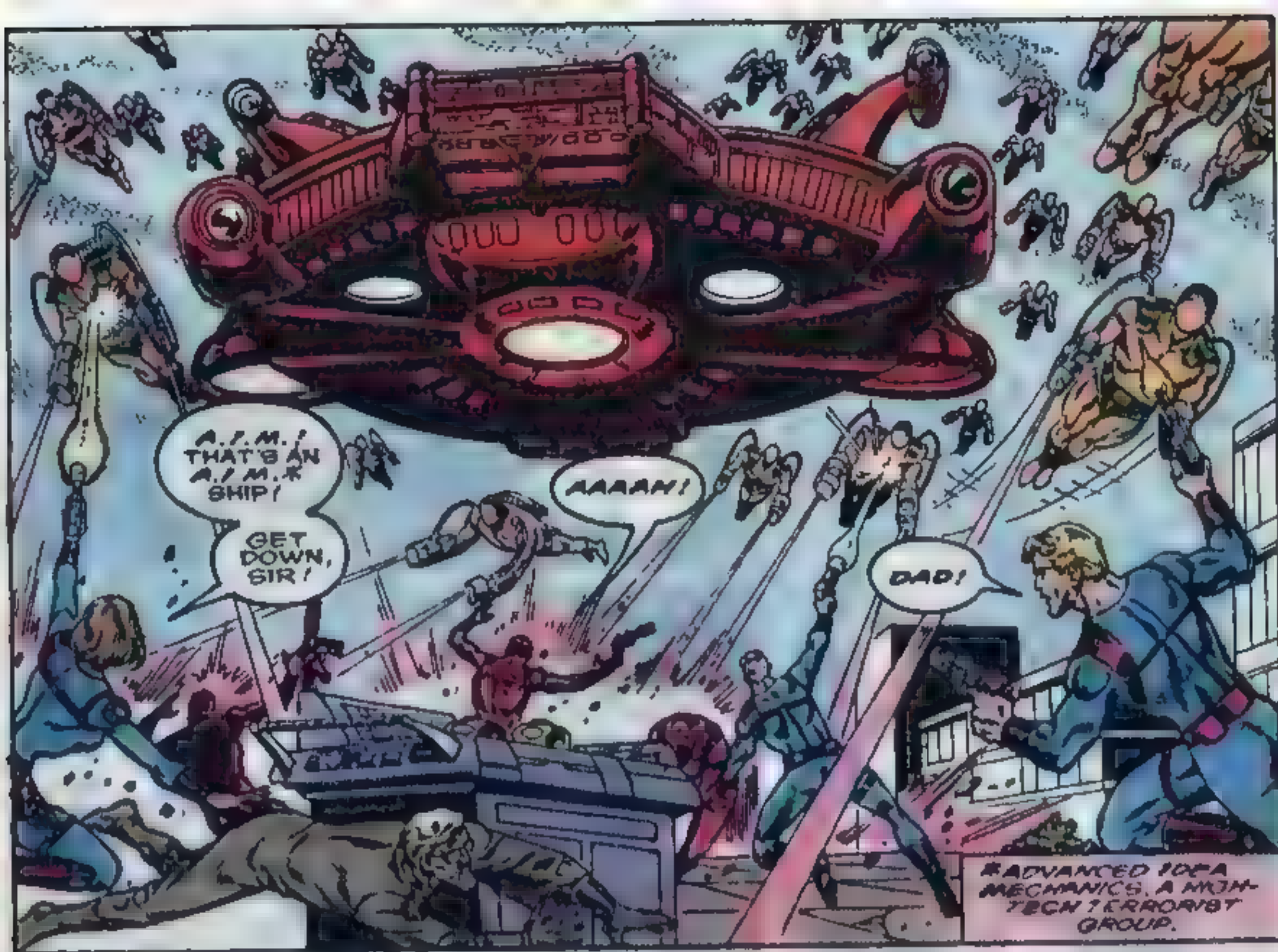
HEY-- THE ENERGY--



-- I FEEL IT BUBBLING UP INSIDE ME --

-- F- FEEL LIKE I'M GONNA --





A.I.M.!!
THAT'S AN
A.I.M.!!
SHIP!

GET
DOWN,
SIR!

AAAAH!

DAD!

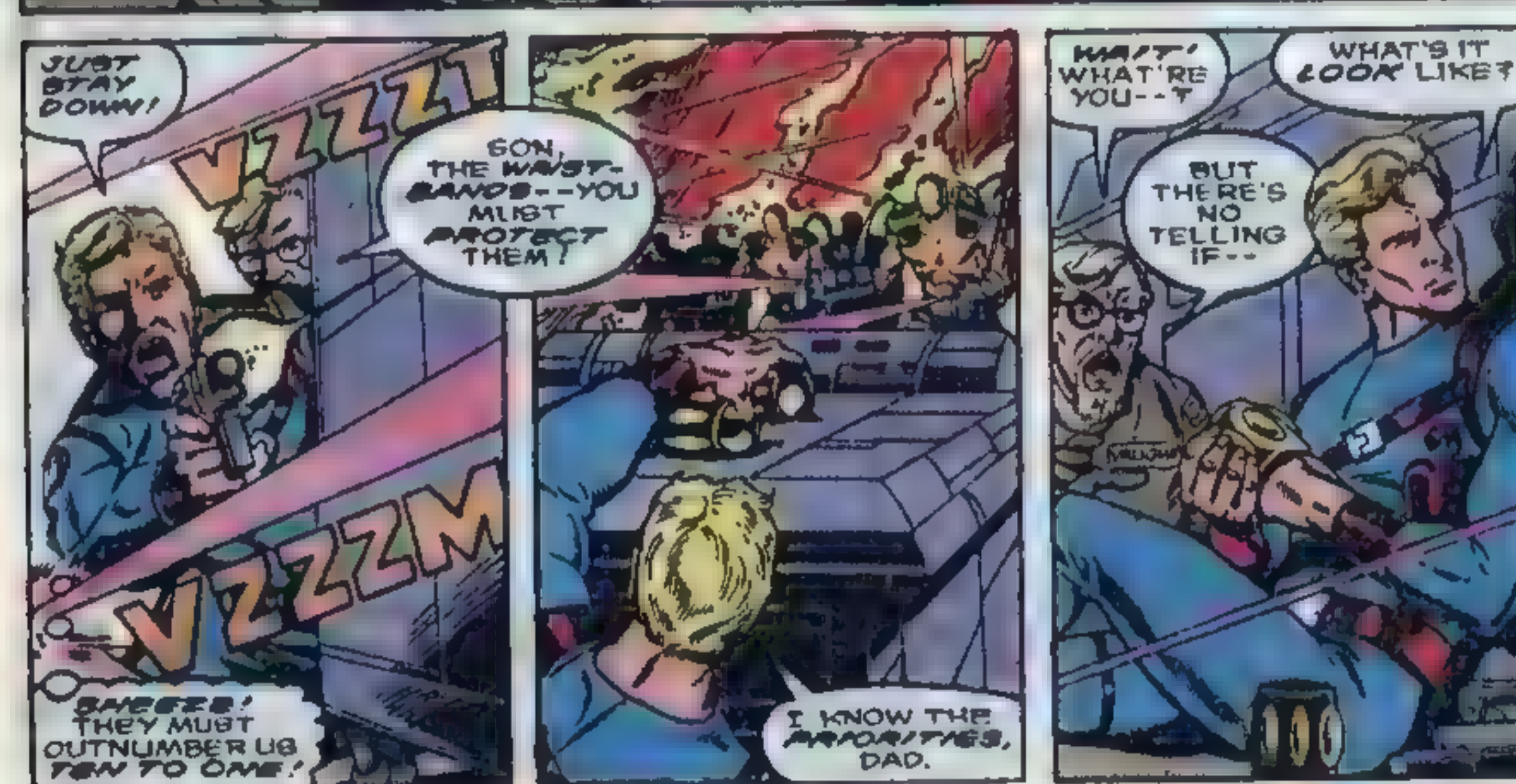
ADVANCED IDEA
MECHANICS, A HIGH-
TECH TERRORIST
GROUP.



W-WENDELL--
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

NO TIME TO CHAT!

NOOAH!



JUST
STAY
DOWN!

SON,
THE WAST-
BANDS-- YOU
MUST
PROTECT
THEM!

SHEEE!!
THEY MUST
OUTNUMBER US
TEN TO ONE!

I KNOW THE
PRIORITIES,
DAD.



WHAT?
WHAT'RE
YOU--?

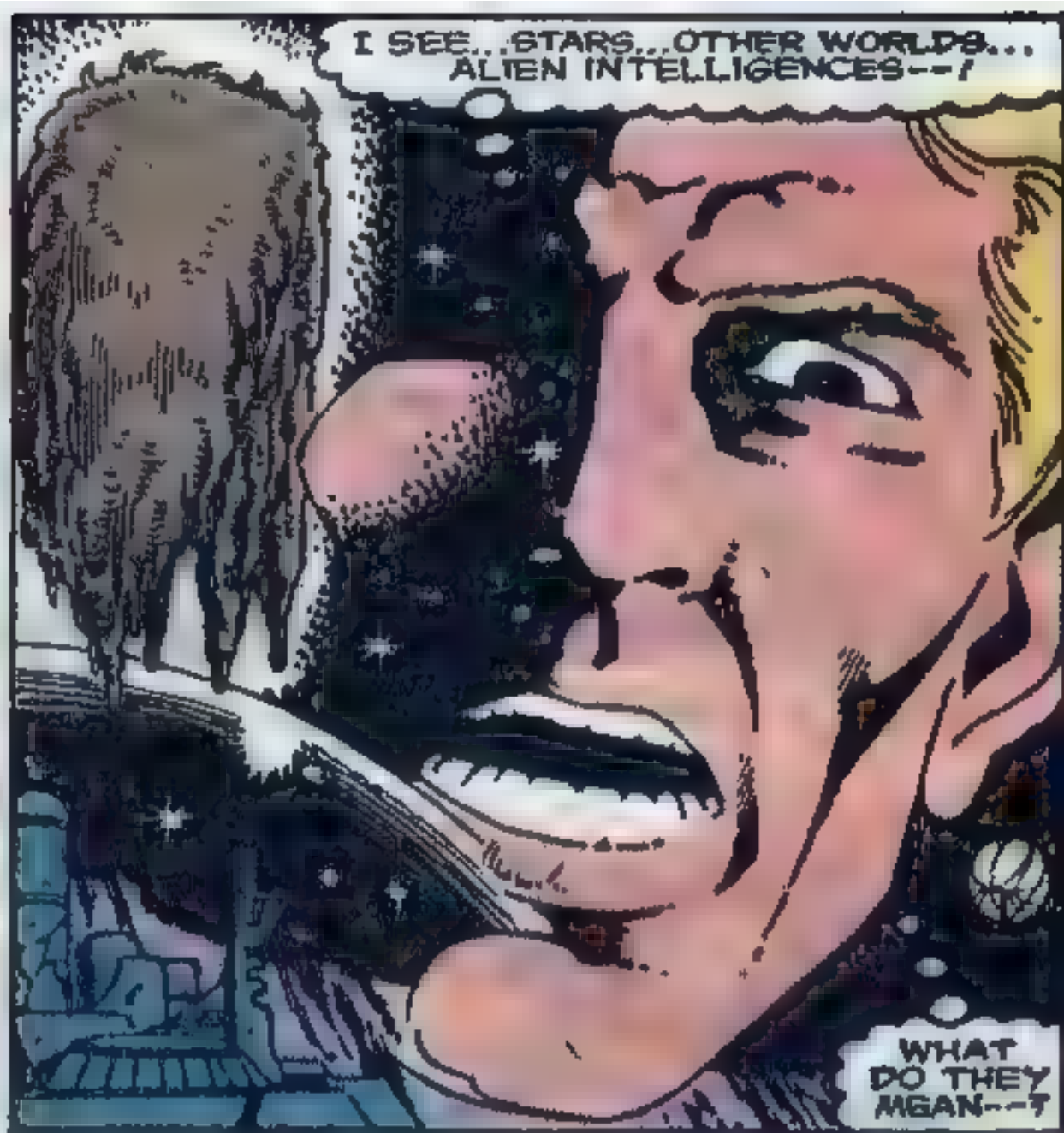
WHAT'S IT
LOOK LIKE?

BUT
THERE'S
NO
TELLING
IF--



THE
DISCHARGE
AGAIN/OH,
SON--

I...



I SEE... STARS... OTHER WORLDS...
ALIEN INTELLIGENCES--?

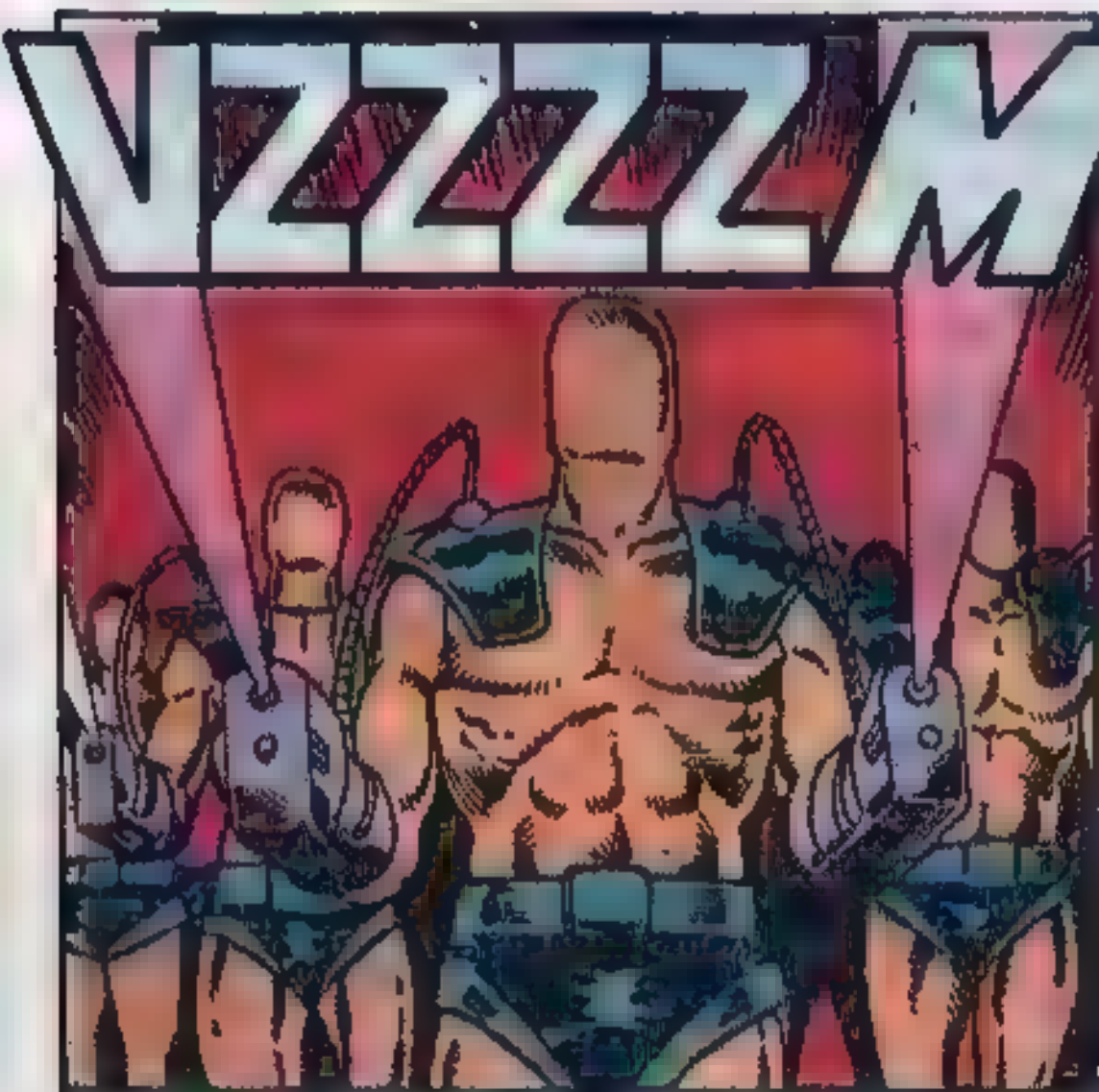
WHAT
DO THEY
MEAN--?



NO TIME TO DAYDREAM. THERE'S A
PHALANX OF A.I.M. ASSAULT DRODS
TO WORRY ABOUT!

YOU TINKERTOYS
WANT SOMETHING?
COME AND GET IT!

DAD, I MEAN IT--
STAY DOWN!



I HEARD WHAT DAD TOLD
WESLEY TO DO! NOW I
GOTTA DO IT--OR I'M
CREAM OF WHEAT!

RAM THEM!
RAM THEM!

LIKE THIS!?

LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE THESE THINGS CAN DO!

HAI

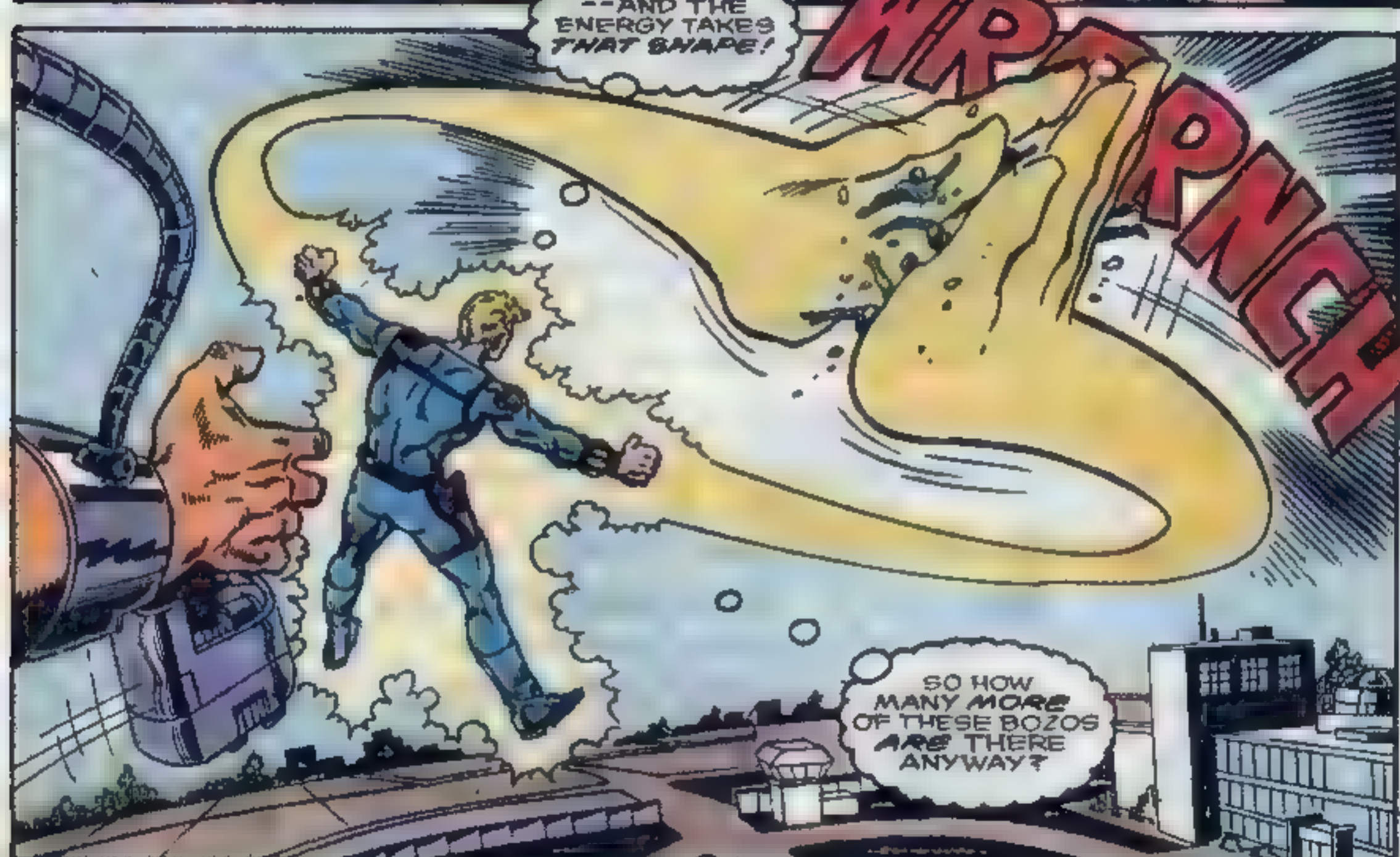
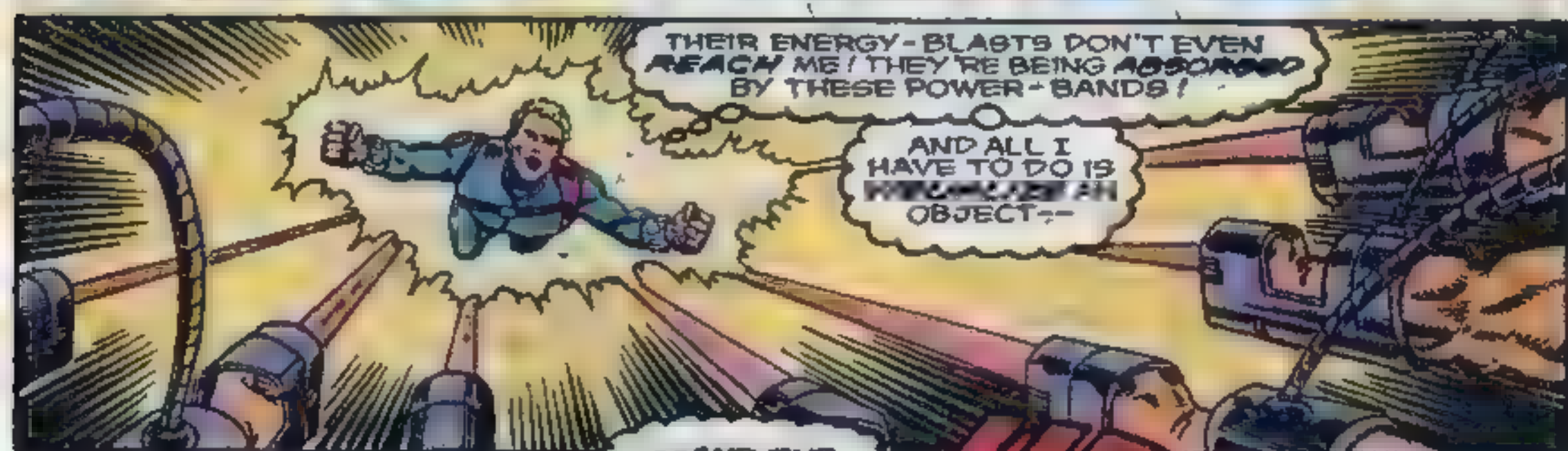
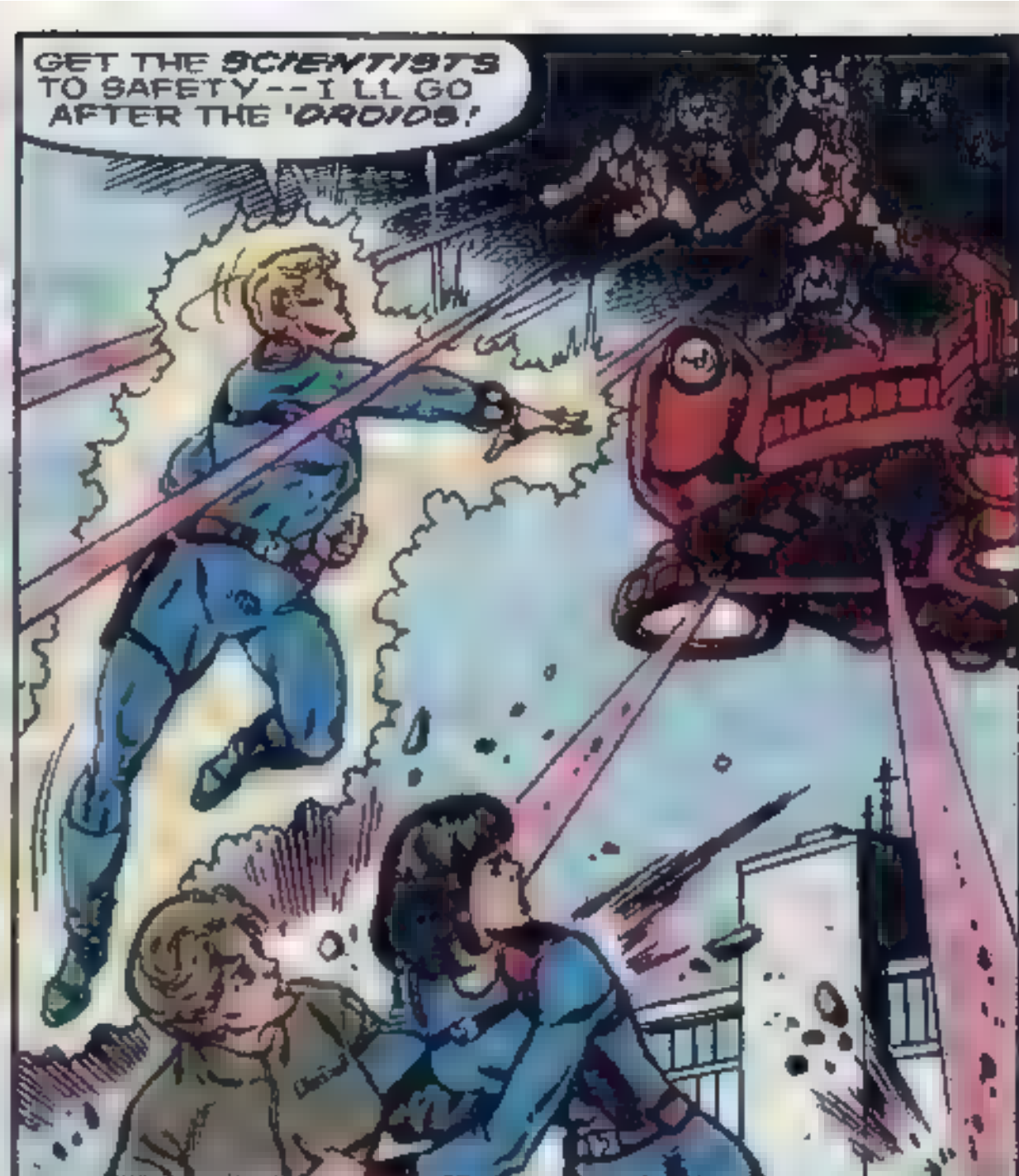
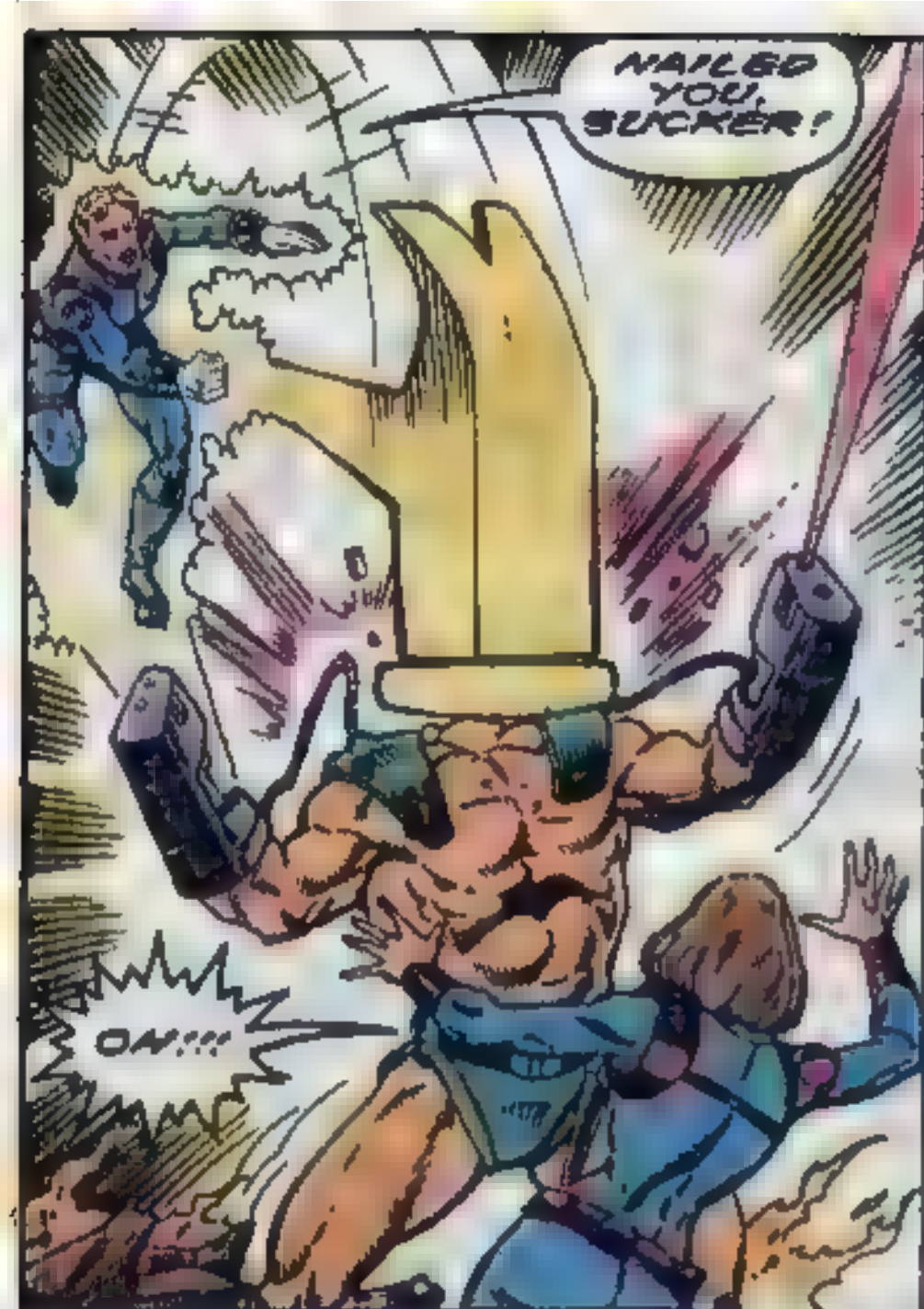
VZZZZZZZZZZ HHH

AGENT DONOHUE---/ DON'T HAVE ENOUGH CONTROL TO BLAST HIM WITHOUT HITTING HER!

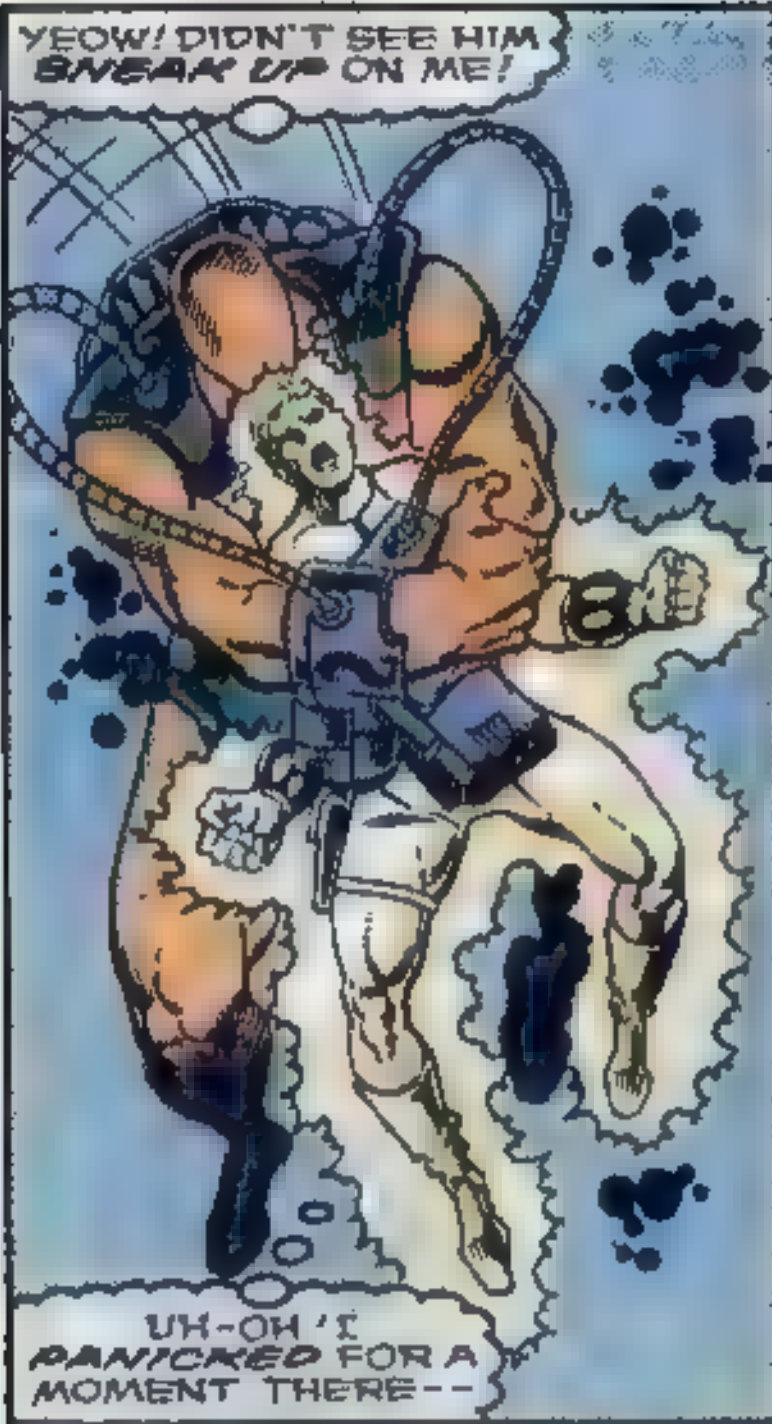
I'VE GOT TO GET CLOSER--

WHODAM!

20



YEOW! DIDN'T SEE HIM
SNEAK UP ON ME!



UH-OH I
PANICKED FOR A
MOMENT THERE--

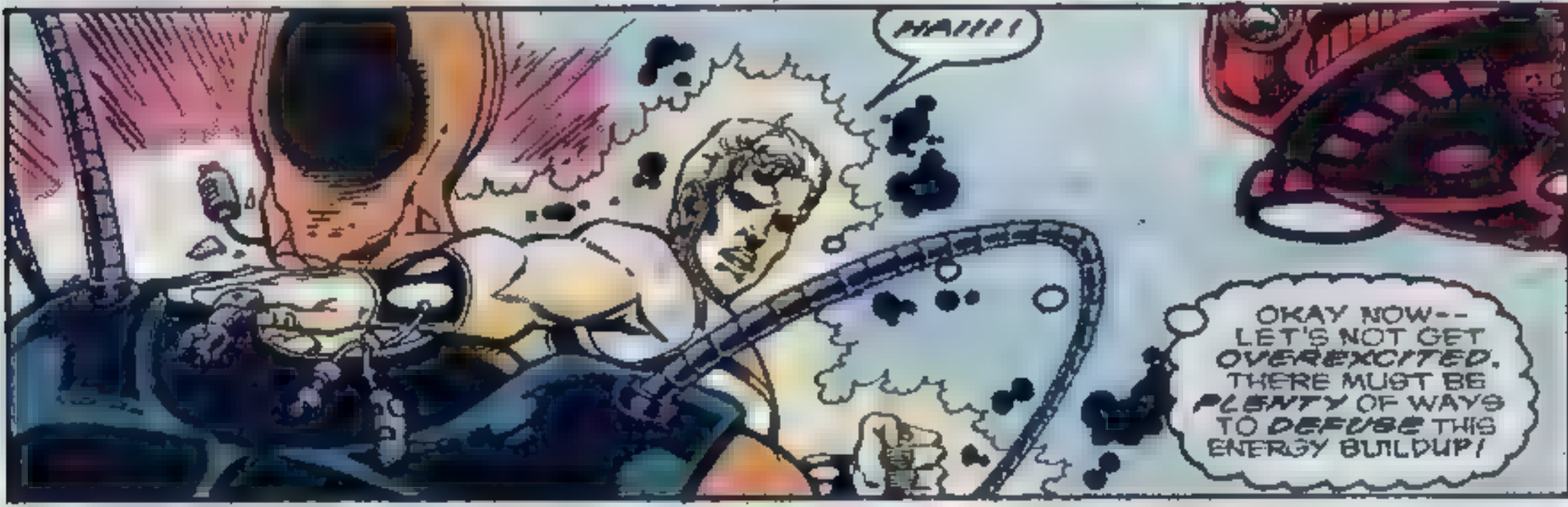
-- THE ENERGY--
I FEEL IT DANCING
AROUND ME-- MORE
THAN I KNOW HOW TO
CONTROL!



I-I'D BETTER
BLOW SOME OF IT
OFF QUICK!



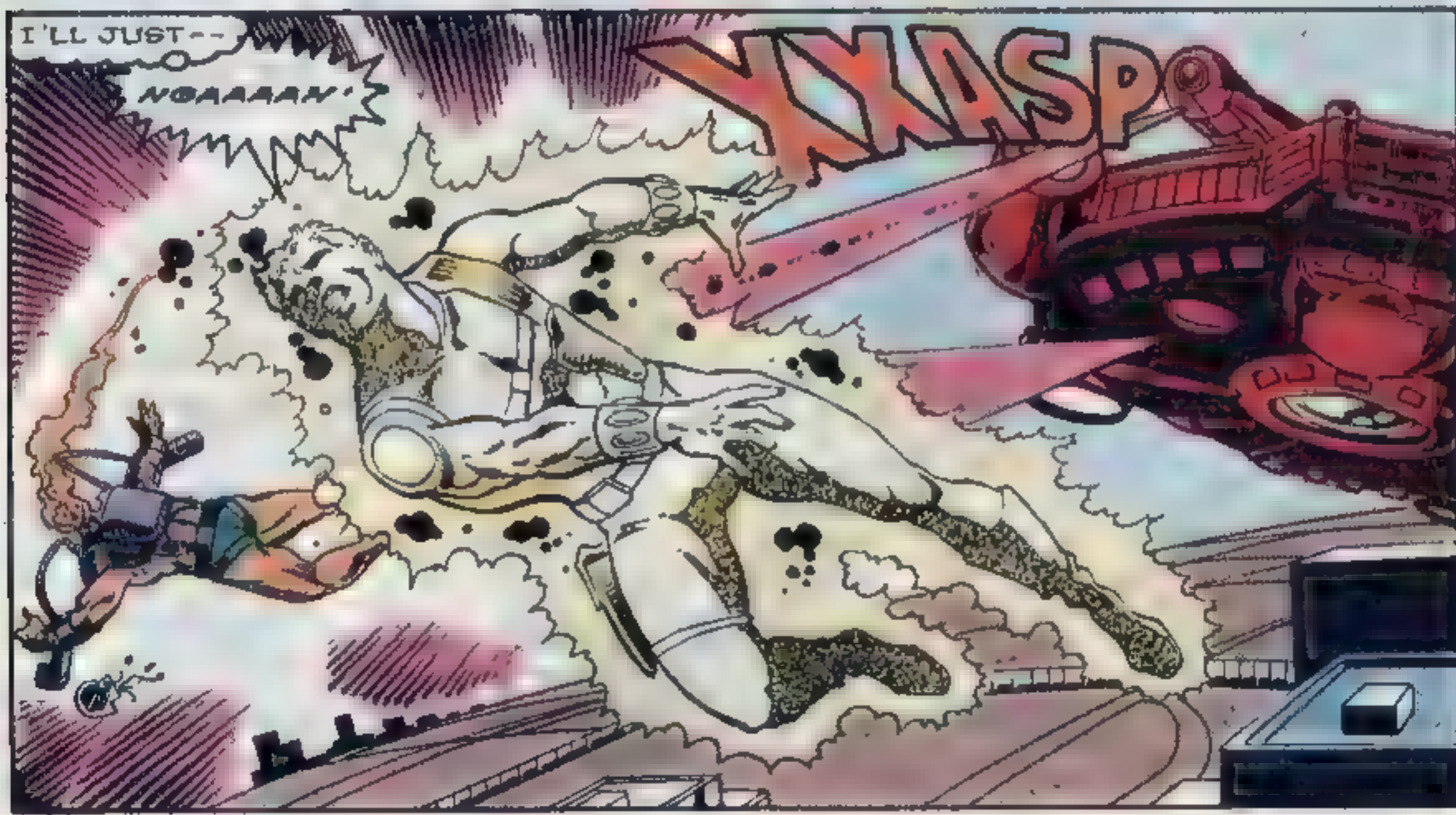
DON'T
WANT TO END
UP LIKE
WESLEY!



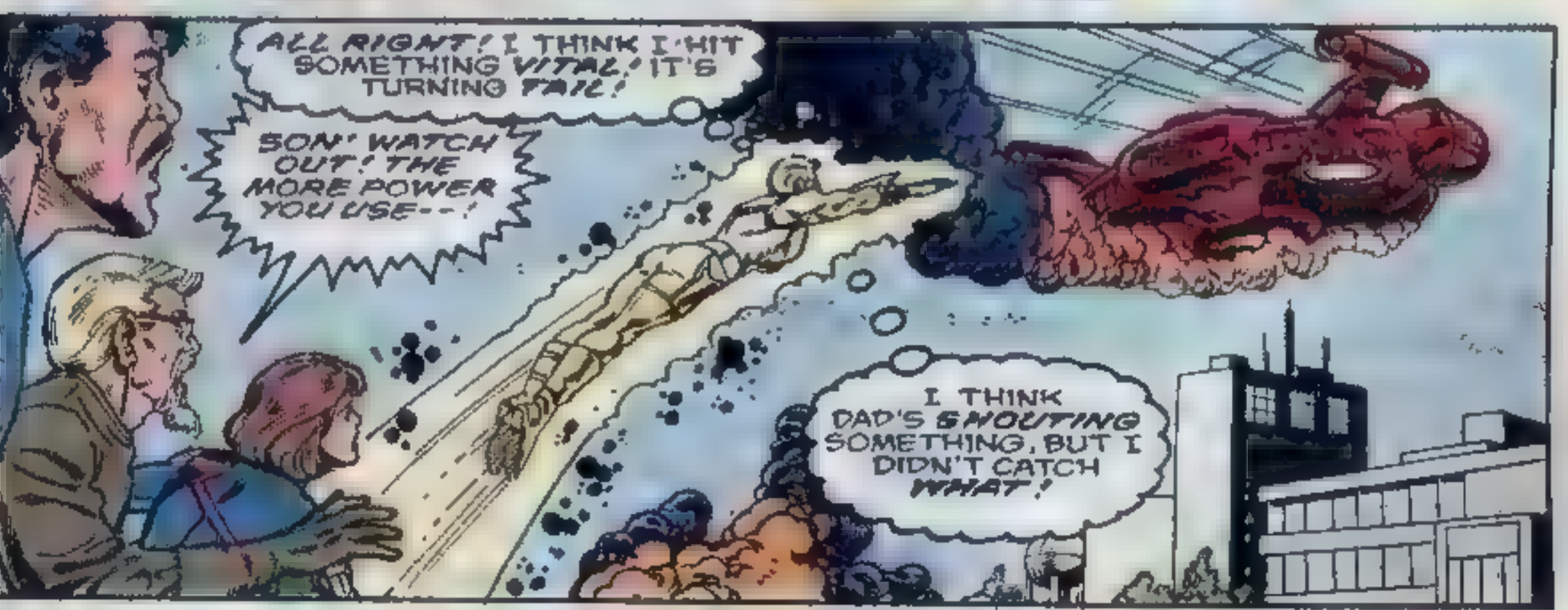
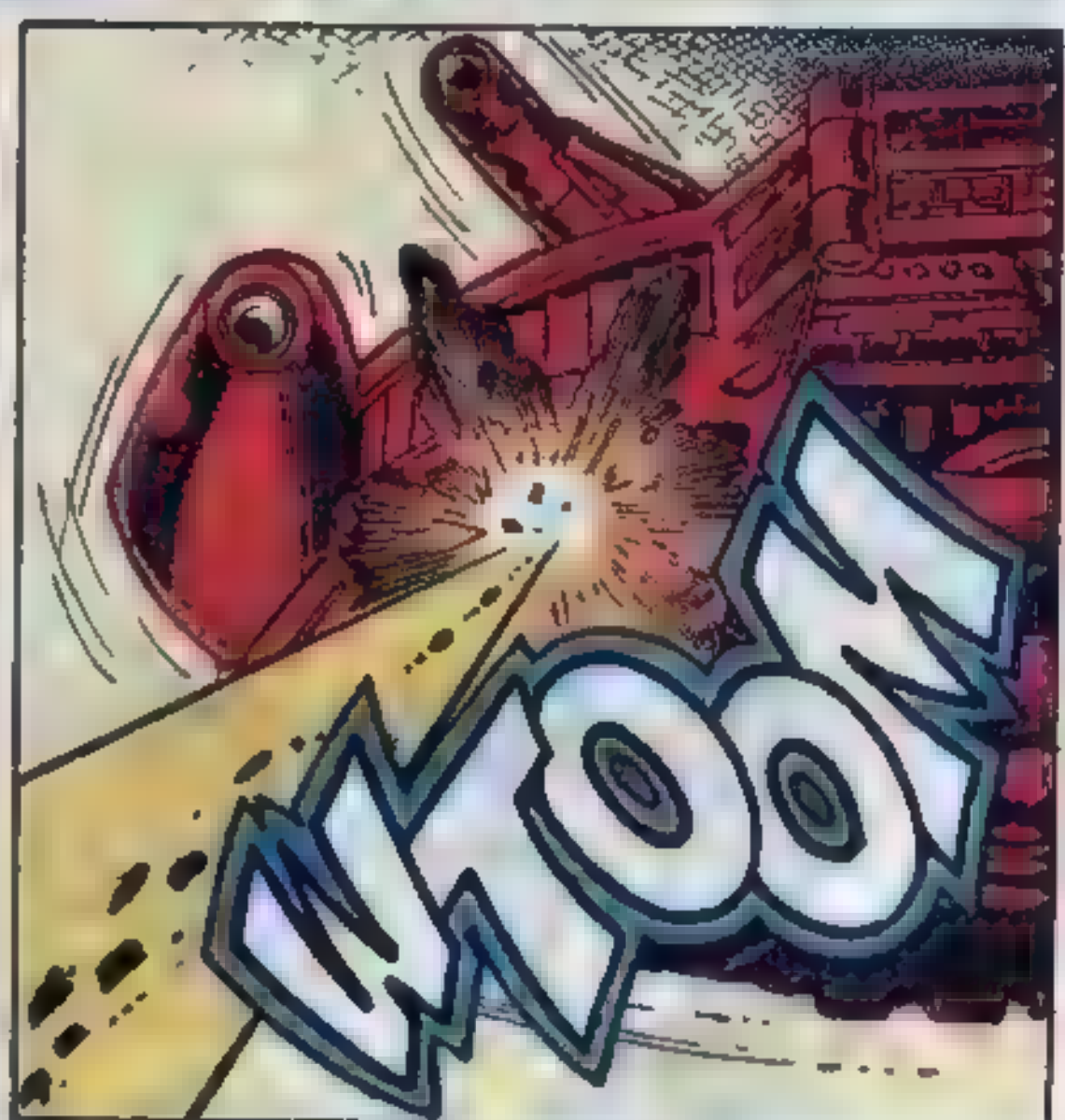
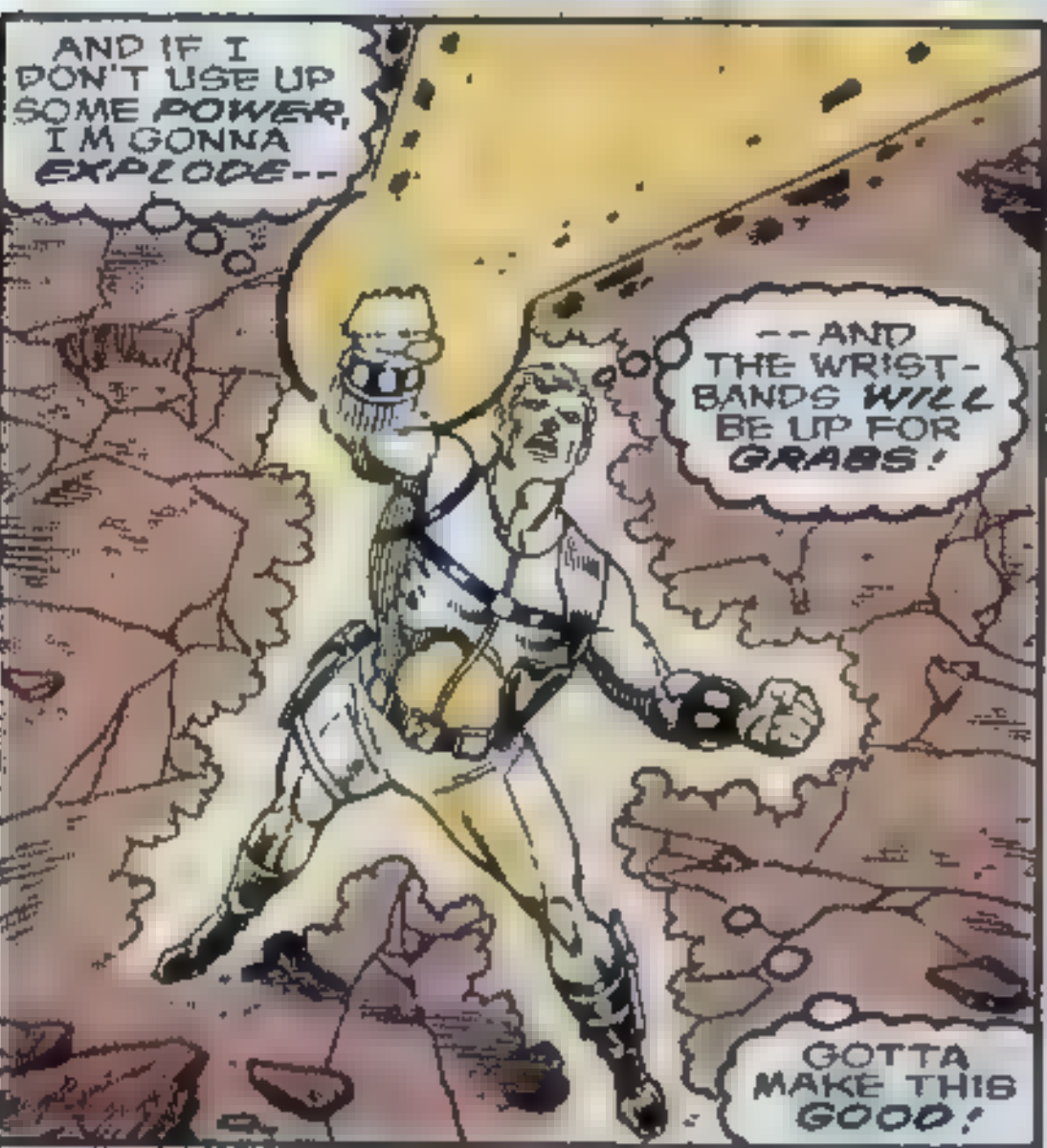
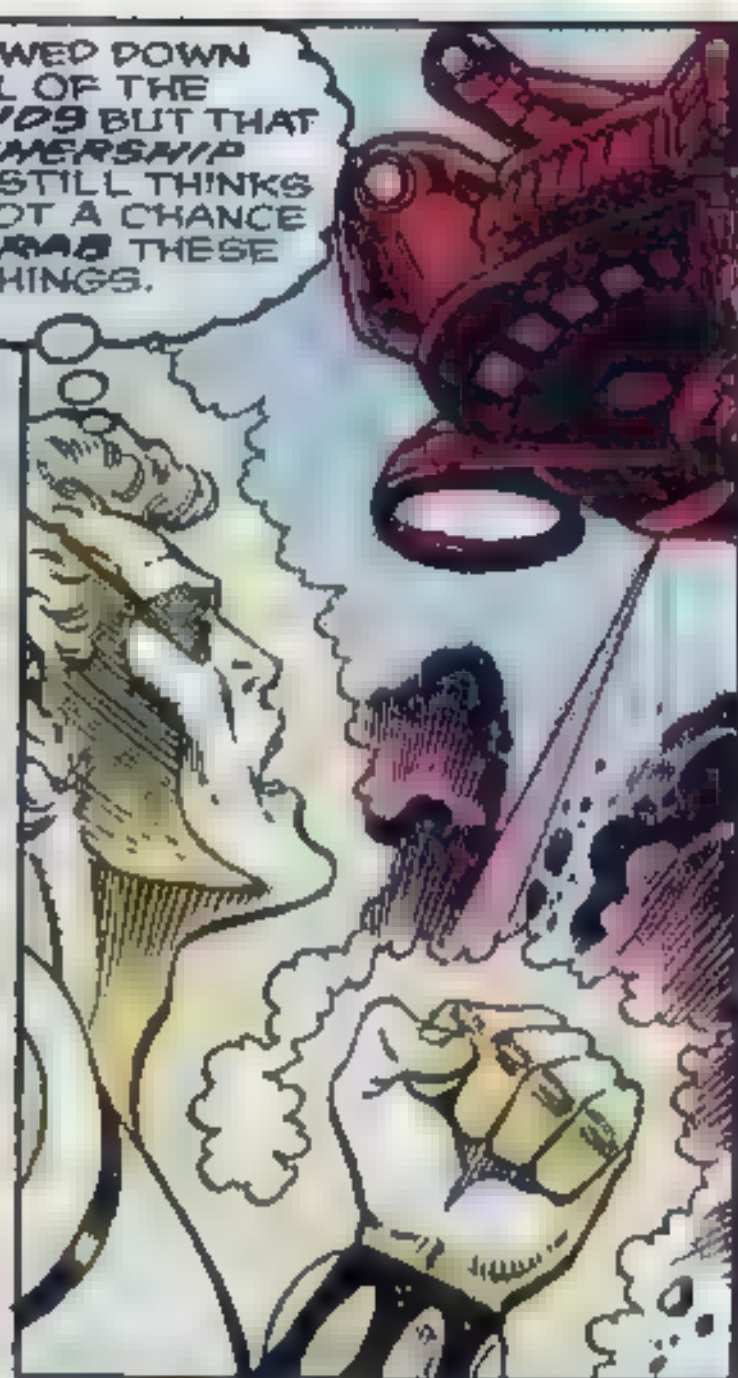
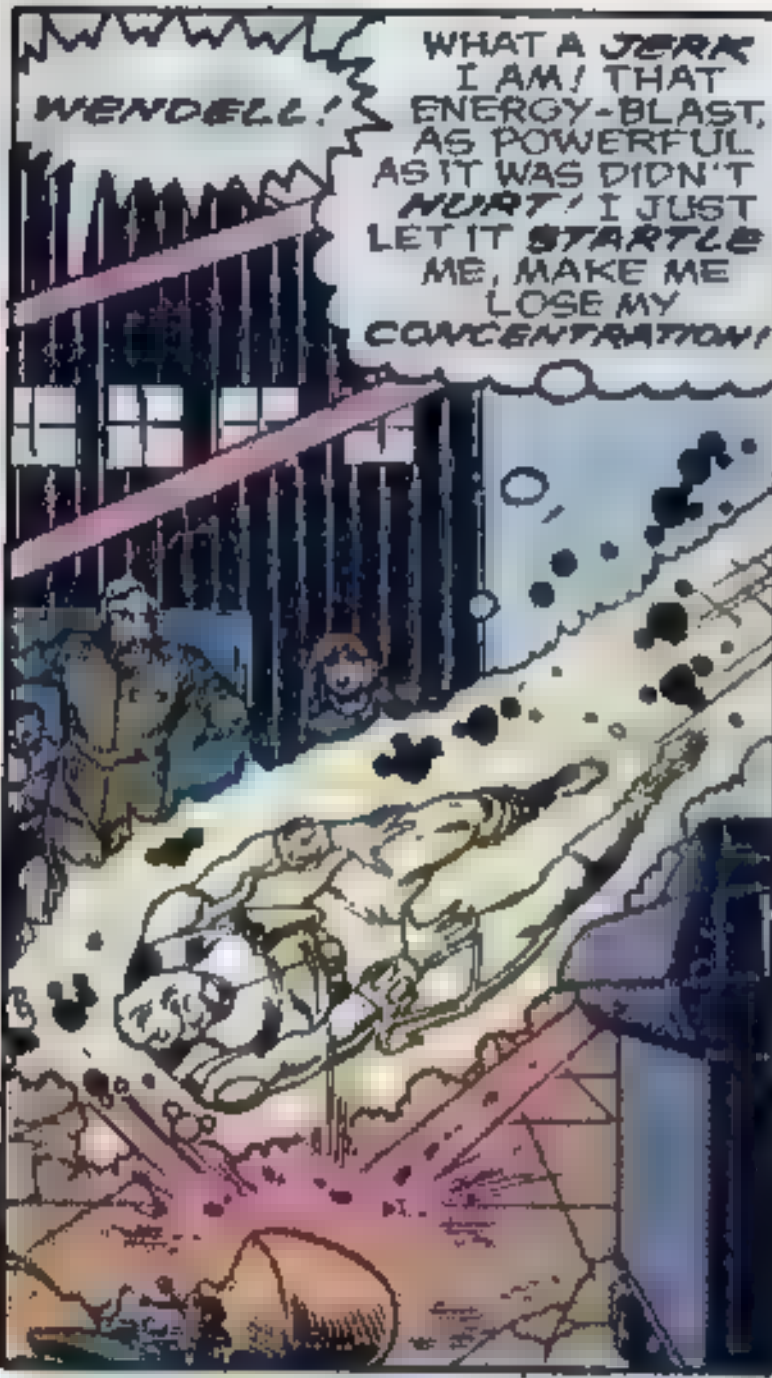
HA!!!

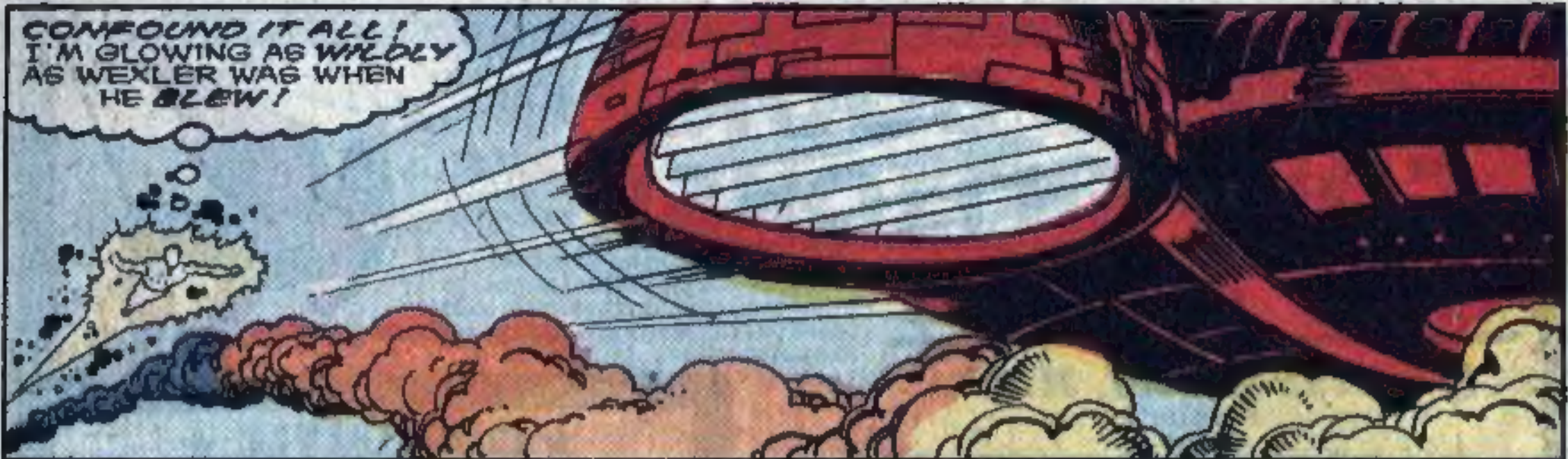
OKAY NOW--
LET'S NOT GET
OVEREXCITED.
THERE MUST BE
PLENTY OF WAYS
TO DEFUSE THIS
ENERGY BUILDUP!

I'LL JUST--
NOAAAAA!



XXXXX



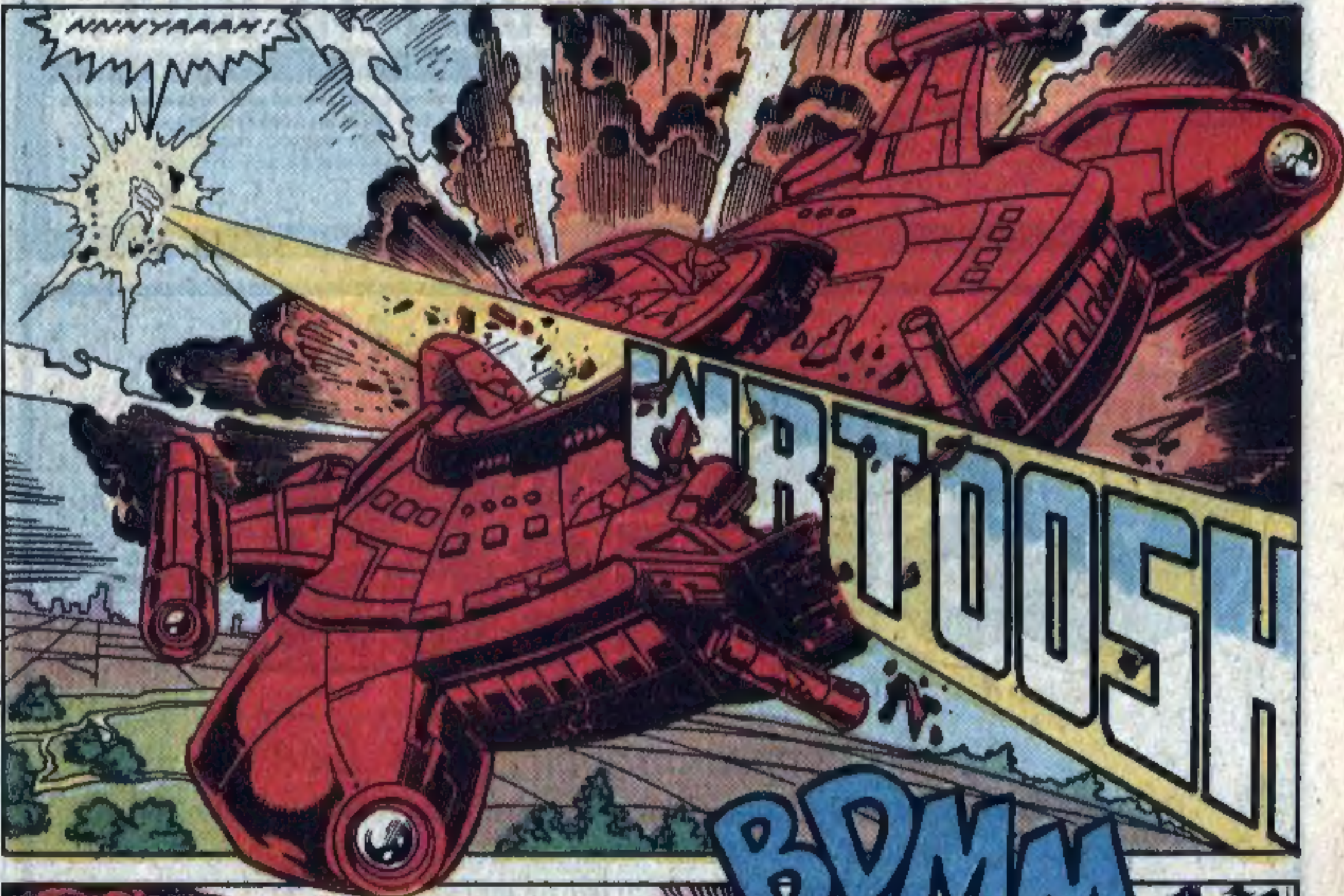


CONFOUND IT ALL!
I'M GLOWING AS WILDLY
AS WEXLER WAS WHEN
HE BLEW!



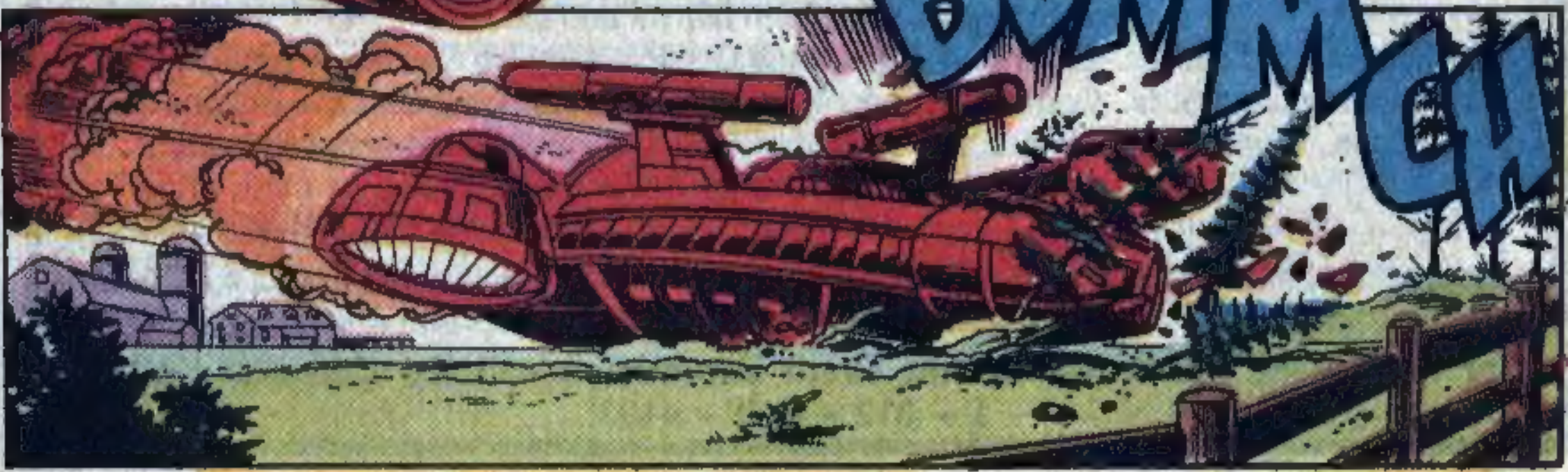
I'VE GOT TO EXPEND
THE CRITICAL ENERGY--
NOW!

CONCENTRATE...
BLOW OFF ALL I CAN
AT ONCE...!



NNNYAAAH!

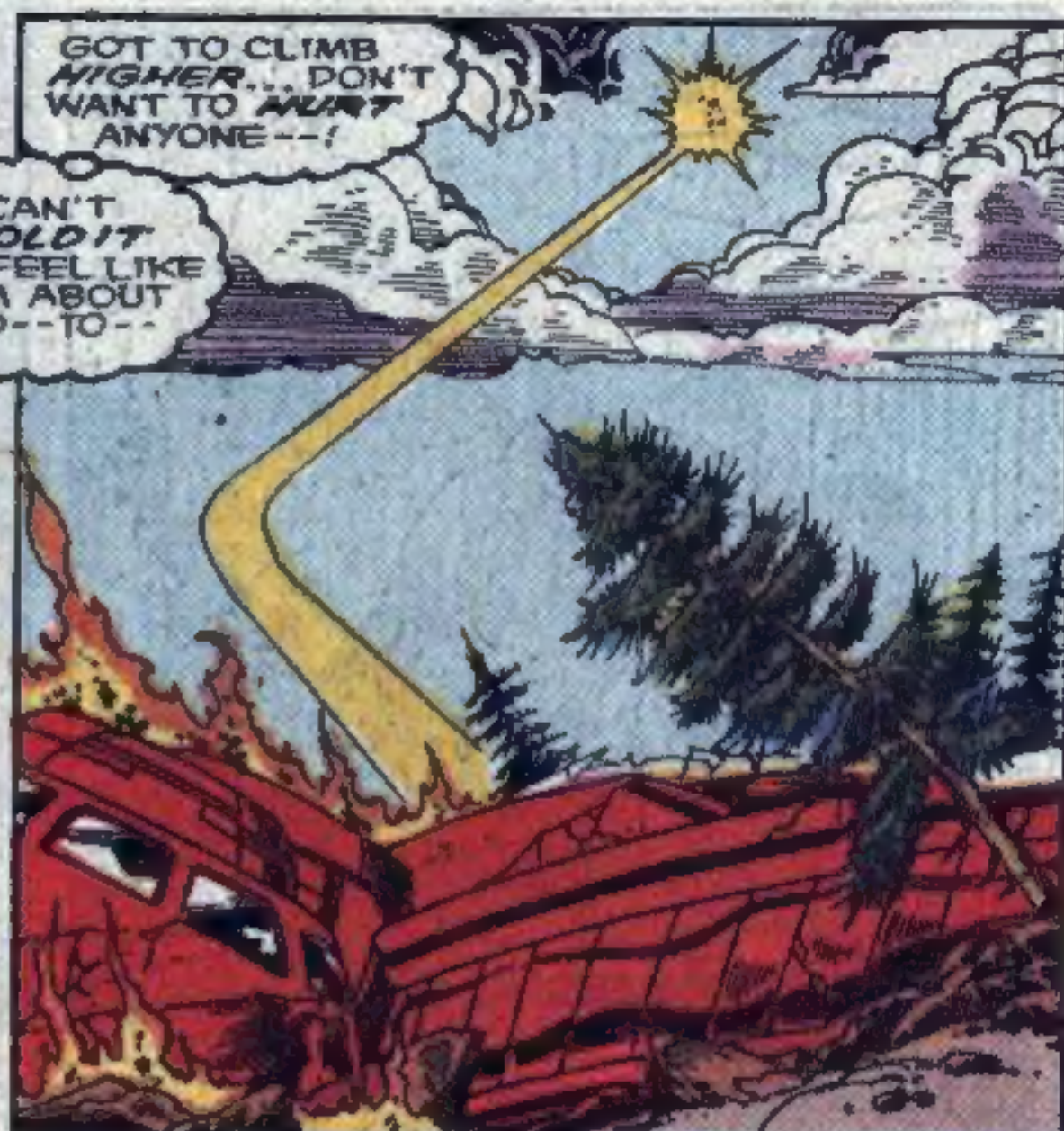
BOOM





WHA... NO--! I BLEW OFF ALL I COULD BUT I'M--I'M STILL ERUPTING WITH POWER, MORE THAN EVER!

CAN'T HOLD IT IN! FEEL LIKE I'M ABOUT TO--TO--



GOT TO CLIMB HIGHER... DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE--!



B-BYE, MOM--HOPE YOU'RE STILL PROUD OF ME!

BYE, DAD--HOPE MY BOOM LIVES UP TO YOUR EXPECTATIONS!



MIGHT AS WELL RELAX--IT'LL BE ALL OVER IN AN INSTANT!

WHY FIGHT IT? JUST FLOW WITH IT... RIDE IT... LIKE A WAVE...

NMMH?



THE EXCESS ENERGY BUILDUP--GONE! WHERE? WHAT HAPPENED?

WHY HAVEN'T I EXPLODED?



DID I STUMBLE ONTO THE KNACK OF CONTROLLING THESE THINGS? RELAXING, GOING WITH THE ENERGY FLOW--WAS THAT THE KEY?

WESLEY AND THE ORIGINAL MARVEL BOY... DID THEY PANIC... TRY TO FIGHT THE FLOW? WAS THAT WHAT CONSUMED THEM?

WAS IT MY LACK OF A KILLER INSTINCT, A FIGHTING EDGE, A WILL TO WIN, THAT SAVED ME--??!



I'M STILL NOT SURE WHAT TO MAKE OF THESE WRIST-BANDS, WHETHER THEY'RE SAFE OR NOT. I'M GOING TO FLY TO SOME REMOTE UNPOPULATED AREA TO WORK ON CONTROLLING THEM.

NO, SON, DON'T GO! STAY HERE TO RUN YOUR TESTS! LET ME SHARE THIS EXPERIENCE WITH YOU!

IS THIS THE PLEA OF A DISPASSIONATE SCIENTIST--





AS MUCH AS I HATE TO
BREAK UP THIS
TONGUEN' SCENE--

WHAT--?



COLONEL
FURY!

THEY TELL ME AGENT VAUGHAN
HERE REPULSED AN A.I.M. ATTACK
PRET' NEAR SINGLE-HANDEDLY!

WELL,
SIR, I--

KID, I GOT A
PROPOSITION
FOR YOU.



IN THE WEEKS
THAT FOLLOWED,
WENDELL VAUGHAN
WAS ENROLLED IN
S.H.I.E.L.D.'S FLEDGLING
SUPER-AGENT PROGRAM
AND GIVEN A FACSIMILE
OF THE ORIGINAL MARVEL
BOY'S UNIFORM...

HIS DAYS WERE FILLED WITH
SPECIAL POWERS TRAINING
IN THE COMPANY OF OTHER
SPECIAL OPERATIVES AND
HIS EVENINGS WERE FILLED
WITH SCIENTIFIC TESTING
IN THE COMPANY OF HIS
FATHER...

BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL HE
LEFT S.H.I.E.L.D.
TRIUMPHANTLY SIX MONTHS
LATER THAT HE STEPPED
OUT OF THE SHADOW OF
HIS COSTUMED PREDECESSOR
AND FORGED A LEGEND ALL
HIS OWN...

...THE LEGEND OF
QUASAR!

**NEXT! THE SECRET
OF QUASAR'S
LOST YEARS!**
**THE STARS,
MY DESTINY!**

